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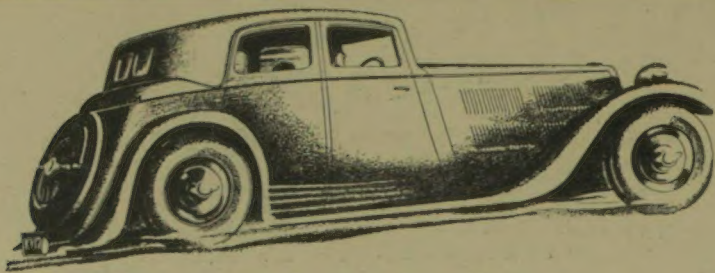
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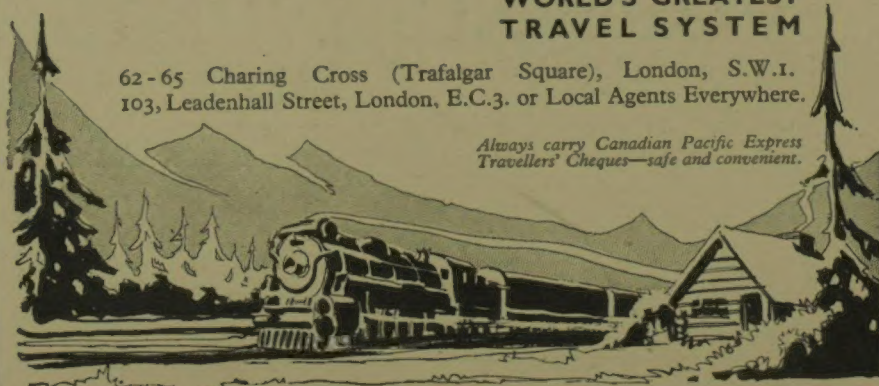
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SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1934.



TREASURES THE CONQUISTADORES MISSED: A GOLD HELMET, DECORATED WITH AN ALLIGATOR-GOD, FOUND ON THE SKULL OF AN AGED CHIEF—ONE OF MANY RICH FINDS IN PANAMA.

Here and on three other pages in this number we illustrate what is described as "one of the richest New World archaeological discoveries in recent years." It was the result of excavations conducted, for the Peabody Museum of Harvard

University, in the Province of Coclé, Panama, south-west of the Canal. This gold helmet, shown from above in the upper illustration, and from the side below, has for design a series of interlocking figures of the double-headed alligator-god.

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TREASURES WHICH THE SPANISH CONQUISTADORES MISSED.

GOLD, JEWELLERY, AND POTTERY FROM COCLÉ, PANAMA: ONE OF THE RICHEST ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN THE NEW WORLD.

By E. B. and S. K. LOTHROP. Copyright by the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, U.S.A. (See front page and pages 477 and 479.)

ONE of the richest New World archæological discoveries in recent years has come to light in Panama through a series of excavations carried out by the Peabody Museum of Harvard University. The Province of Coclé, where these finds were made, lies south-west of the Canal Zone, embracing the southern slopes of the continental divide and the broad plains which extend from the mountains to the Gulf of Panama.

When the Spaniards first settled on the Isthmus, they founded towns on the north coast; and after Balboa had opened the road to the Pacific they sent

it follows that the burials we uncovered were those of the nobility.

The scene of our excavations gave no indication on the surface of the ground that a great cemetery lay beneath. This was fortunate, as otherwise the invading Spaniards long ago would have torn everything to pieces. The site was discovered some thirty years ago when the Rio Coclé changed its course, and began to eat into its new banks. Passing natives saw from their canoes glittering objects in the river walls, which proved to be of gold. Eventually these pieces reached the antique stores of Panama City, and a large number came to the United States over six years ago. After investigating their source and making arrangements with the land-owners, excavation commenced in 1930.

Burials in Coclé were the richest the writers have ever seen. Sometimes they contained over a score of bodies accompanied literally by hundreds of objects, wedged close together, and usually broken or bent by the weight of the earth. The graves themselves often were simple shafts sunk in the earth, with the bodies stretched out in rows or heaped on the floor. Sometimes the principal occupant was seated on a stool, and a small hut was erected above him which subsequently had collapsed completely.

Let us examine one of the more deeply buried graves. About seven feet square, the very bottom consisted of ten large sea-turtles and two discs of gilded copper. Above this came a floor of large stone slabs. The principal occupant sat in the centre, and three retainers lay at his feet. The jewellery included sixty-three objects of gold—necklaces, nose-rings, bells, pendants, plaques, cuffs, and so on, as well as many other objects of gilded copper. There were necklaces of bone, of sharks' teeth, jaguars' teeth, boars' tusks, deers' teeth, and dogs' teeth. There was a headdress of approximately

500 boars' tusks set in spirals. There were pendants carved from manatee ribs, sometimes set in gold, as well as beautifully polished pendants of agate, necklaces, and pendants of greenstone and shell. Among the more utilitarian objects were 177 pottery vessels, 48 axes and chisels, 84 stone blades, and 4 mirrors. This is not even a complete list of all that was actually found in the grave, and of necessity it omits the objects which have perished in the course of centuries.

The grave here briefly described is one of a group of fourteen, included in a trench 12 ft. deep, measuring only 30 by 50 ft. on the surface. It was by no means the largest, richest, or most complicated of the group. In making these graves, the natives sometimes dug through an earlier burial, casting aside the possessions of their ancestors with but little respect to make room for the more recent dead. Sometimes one grave rested directly over another. The difficulty of the task of excavation may be gauged from the fact that nearly three field seasons were required to clear this one pit, and the fourteen burials it contained resolve themselves into no less than nine chronological groups. We shall not attempt to describe in detail the great variety of articles encountered in the ground, of which typical samples appear in the accompanying illustrations. Taking the Coclé culture as a whole, its outstanding characteristics are—first, the brilliance of its colouring in pottery, stone and gold; and, second, the firmness of line in which the design is rendered.

Coclé culture may be dated with assurance from the centuries just before the Spanish Conquest. This is established both by technical details of the metallurgy and by the exact correspondence of the objects recovered with Spanish descriptions of the early sixteenth century. The origin of Coclé culture at present is far from clear. Certain decorative details and processes of manufacture probably were drawn from South America, both east and west of the Andes. At the same time, the polychrome technique of the pottery implies relationship with southern Central America, while the art as a whole indicates an intensive local development. Answers to these and similar questions, however, must await repair and study of the collections.



A PARTIAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER, THE RIO GRANDE DE COCLÉ: A SITE WHERE GRAVES WERE FOUND DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF LOW WATER SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH.

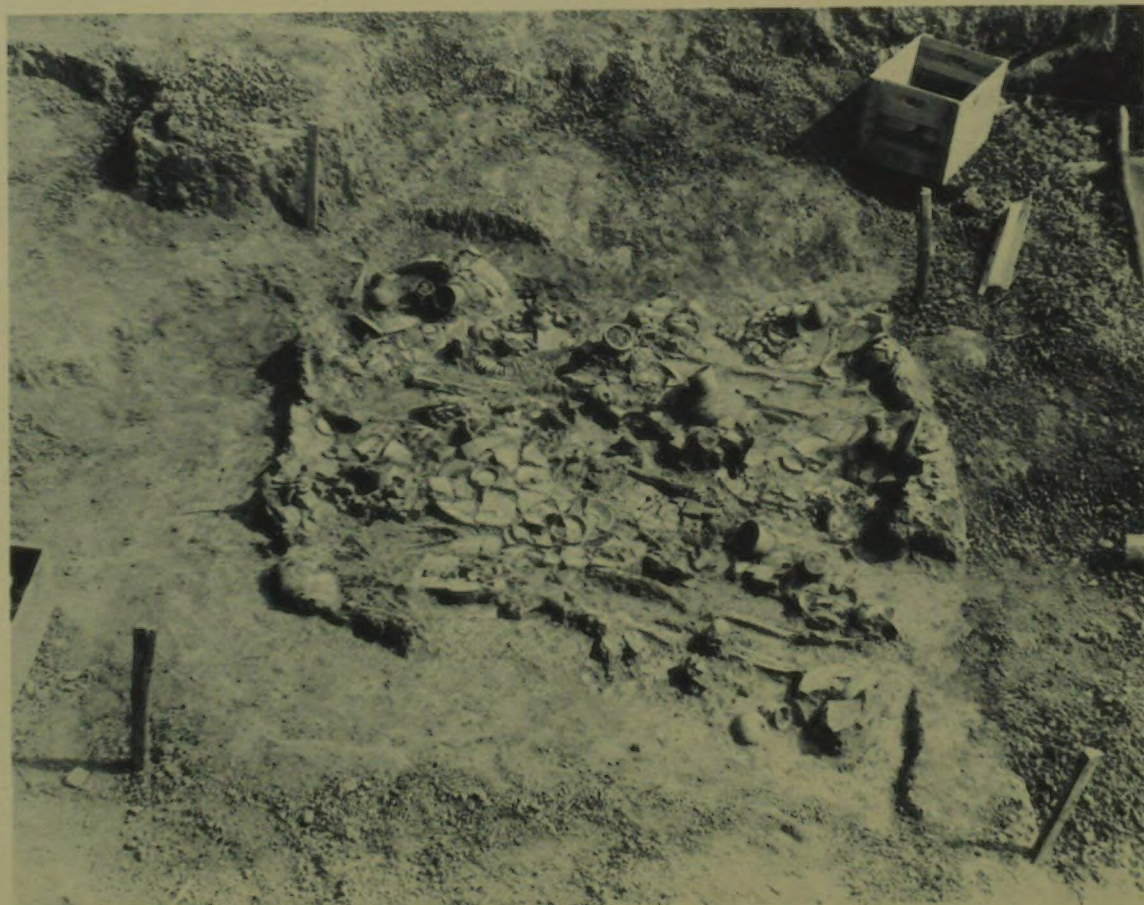


A SMALL GRAVE CONTAINING ONLY ONE BODY, WITH SOME POTTERY: A VIEW SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE BODY—PLACED FACE-DOWNWARDS WITH HANDS UNDER THE FACE.

out various raiding parties, one of which, in the year 1516, reached the region of which we write. At this early period in the Spanish Conquest, no great booty had as yet fallen into the hands of the invaders. The vast wealth of the Aztecs and Incas was still unknown, and it is therefore easy to imagine the excitement when the expedition to Coclé amassed the sum of 130,000 ducats. The greed of the Spaniards was still unsatisfied, however, and they pushed forward to attack a native chief who had given them a large part of this sum as a present; with the result that they were defeated and lost everything.

The gold thus forfeited was no figment of the imagination, for it actually had been weighed on the scales. It proved a lure that caused a series of raids during the next fifteen years, yielding much wealth to the Spaniards, while the unfortunate natives either were exterminated or driven westward to the high mountains. During the wars, a permanent Spanish base was established where now stands the town of Natá. This could be reached in an hour from the scene of our excavations on the banks of the Rio Grande de Coclé.

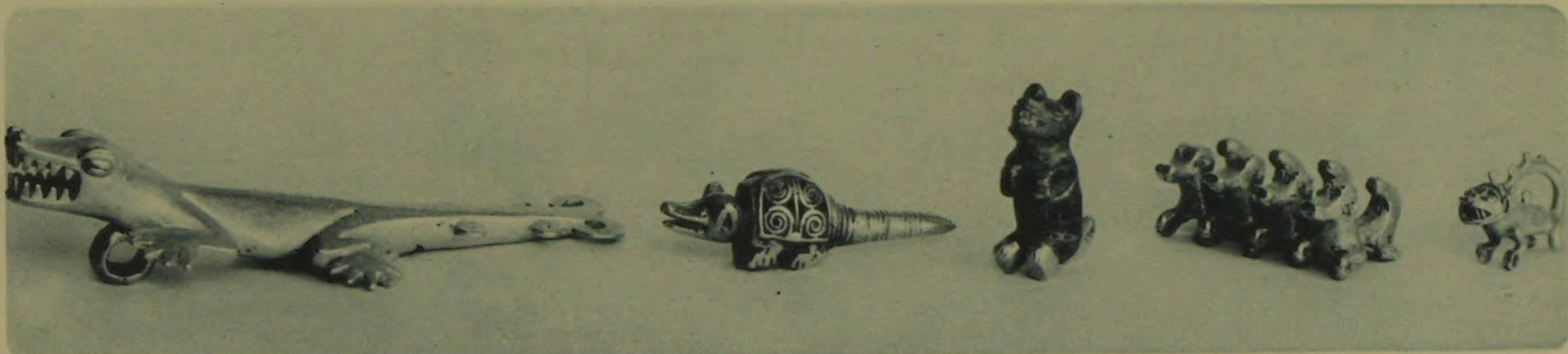
The natives of Coclé, according to sixteenth-century accounts, lived in groups, or small communities, which usually were hostile to each other. Some years before the Conquest, however, most of them had been brought under the sway of a single chief. Society was divided into several classes, which included the greater chiefs, a nobility based on valour in war, a plebeian group, and branded slaves, who were prisoners of war. The upper classes possessed great wealth, and alone were afforded burial in the ground, although slaves, concubines, and servants often were killed to accompany their master to the other world. Hence



A GRAVE CONTAINING THREE BODIES ALMOST COMPLETELY CONCEALED BY A MASS OF POTTERY VESSELS: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF EXTENSIVE FUNERARY DEPOSITS IN THE COCLÉ BURIALS.

TREASURES THE CONQUISTADORES MISSED: COCLÉ JEWELLERY AND GOLD.

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ANIMAL DESIGN IN JEWELLERY OF A CENTRAL AMERICAN CULTURE PRIOR TO THE SPANISH CONQUEST: PENDANTS OF CAST GOLD AND GOLD OVERLAID WITH STONE, REPRESENTING AN ALLIGATOR, AN ARMADILLO, AND DOGS IN VARIOUS ATTITUDES. (HERE SHOWN ON A SCALE TWO-THIRDS OF THEIR ACTUAL SIZE.)



A GOLD BREAST ORNAMENT: A LARGE DISC, PROBABLY TO BE SEWN ON CLOTHING, WITH A DESIGN THAT FORMS A FACE EITHER IN THE POSITION HERE SHOWN OR WHEN TURNED THE OTHER WAY UP. (1 FT. WIDE.)



A GOLD PLAQUE, OF A TYPE PROBABLY WORN SEWN ON CLOTHING, WITH A DESIGN WHICH REPRESENTS A PAIR OF CRESTED DRAGONS RAMPANT, STANDING BACK TO BACK. (GREATEST DIAMETER, 9 3/4 IN.)



FURTHER EXAMPLES OF ANIMAL DESIGN IN SMALL ORNAMENTS FOUND IN THE RICHLY STORED GRAVES EXCAVATED IN THE PROVINCE OF COCLÉ, PANAMA: A GROUP OF PENDANTS COMPOSED OF AGATE AND MARBLE. (HERE ILLUSTRATED ON A SCALE ONE-HALF OF THEIR ACTUAL SIZE.)

These photographs illustrate typical examples from the great wealth of gold objects and jewellery recently brought to light in Panama, during excavations on the banks of the Río Grande de Coclé, as described in the article by E. B. and S. K. Lothrop given on the opposite page. The writers state that the burials found there were the richest they have ever seen. Some of the graves contained more than a score of bodies, accompanied by hundreds of objects closely packed together. In one of the deeper graves, for example, there was an enormous quantity of jewellery. It comprised no fewer than sixty-three objects of gold—pendants, plaques, necklaces, nose-rings, and so on—besides a number of articles made of gilded copper. There

were also pendants carved from the ribs of the manatee, sometimes set in gold, as well as pendants of agate, beautifully polished, or of greenstone and shell. The objects above enumerated formed only part of the contents of this particular grave, which was one of a group of fourteen, and furthermore by no means the largest or the most elaborate. Hence it is easy to understand that the total results of these excavations are described as among the richest archaeological discoveries made in recent years in the New World. The date of this Coclé culture has been confidently assigned to the centuries just preceding the Spanish conquest in Central America. Another remarkable specimen of gold-work is illustrated on our front page.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

NOBODY seems to have seen, in the current tendency to express party politics by means of Shirts, a new opportunity for expressing them in the shades of Shirts. Hitherto colours have been used heraldically, in the manner of people blazing or brandishing flags; and not æsthetically, in the manner of people choosing or matching neckties. Yet it would seem an excellent opportunity for a thoughtful citizen to suggest the idea that he is Rather Nazi or Not Quite Communist. A wise and well-balanced Hitlerite, if such a monster is allowed to survive, might express his doubts by having his new brown shirt fade faintly into the old field-grey, or having it shot with the richer colour of the Red International. An Irishman disposed towards compromise (if such a creature be among the varieties of nature) might very well gratify General O'Duffy by wearing a blue shirt, but introduce into it a tint of peacock-blue, verging upon peacock-green, to indicate his essentially unbroken loyalty to the more normal national badge and to the Wearing of the Green. I fear it is only too true that a great many people now calling themselves Socialists ought to be dressed not in red, but in pink. And though I am no admirer of Bolshevism, I am still less of an admirer of pink. Pink seems to me the essentially false and negative colour; because it is the dilution of something that is rich and glowing or nothing. I do not object to pale blue, because it is sky-blue, and I graciously grant permission to the University of Cambridge to continue to employ the emblem of its traditional tint. But the sky is in its nature pale and translucent; it is the vehicle of light; it is sometimes actually white and blank; and the infusion of a faint and rather cold colour like blue is appropriate to it. But pink suggests nothing but the horrible and blasphemous idea of wine with too much water in it. Pink is the withering of the rose and the fading of the fire; pink is mere anæmia in the blood of the universe. And there is a merely pink humanitarianism which I dislike even more than the real Red Communism. It is not so honest; it is not so genuinely angry or so justly angry; and it is ultimately every bit as negative and destructive of the strong colours and definite shapes of any great historical culture. It will not weaken civilisation the less because it is too watery to burn it in a night; for you cannot set fire to a town with pink torches or pink artillery. This cold and colourless sentimentalism none the less threatens the world like a slow and crawling Deluge. It especially threatens the colours of the world. It is a wash-out.

With this melancholy exception of the pink social reformers, however, it is curious to notice that the difference of shirts, with its opportunity for the difference of shades, has appeared at the very moment when such fine shades are most furiously and impatiently disregarded. The old rosettes of Buff and Blue were all cut to one pattern and coloured with one dye; as if to make it impossible for men to express personality in party politics or to effect compromise in party divisions. There was no green in the Orangeman's eye, or in the fine shades of the Tory True Blue. And yet, in the actual centre of our parliamentary politics, the colours ran into each

other much more easily than the vivid patches of the patchwork Europe of to-day. Men were solemnly brought up as Whigs and Tories; but there was much less difference between the Whig and the Tory than there is to-day between a Fascist who has been a Syndicalist and a Communist who has been an Anarchist. Our rigid party system did not need to stretch; because the two parties were already stationed in close proximity. An older analogy than the comparison of flags and shirts, of uniforms and underclothing, can be found in the more or less unique architectural structure of the English House

to show that a member is more Radical than one group, but less Radical than another; as a man might say he was more Socialist than Mr. Lansbury but less Socialist than Mr. Maxton. For nobody could possibly be less Socialist than Mr. MacDonald.

This method of relative Left and Right really is the sort of thing that bears some resemblance to a Communist having a red shirt and a Socialist a pink shirt. That is, it allows of degree and fine shades of individuality. On the other hand, the very shape of the British Houses of Parliament seems designed for the most drastic party discipline and the most unwavering party choice. There are only two sides in the parliamentary chamber; as there were primarily only two sides in the parliamentary system. They face each other stiffly, like two lines deployed in battle; yet, as a matter of fact, there has been very much less battle. It was in the Continental council chambers, curved to follow every gradation of thought and allowing for all compromises between all extremes, that desks have been most frequently broken, ink-bottles most vigorously hurled, riots most frequently prolonged into the night, and duels most eagerly appointed for the morning.

I think this worth noting just now, because it confirms something I said recently about a real fallacy in the particular fashion now seeking to improve upon Parliament. I hope nobody will accuse me of the fatuous official optimism which still talks as if Parliament could not be improved. Whatever else we may think of the practical architecture of St. Stephen's chamber, I trust no sane people differ about the vastness and vista of the room for improvement. Indeed, one of the very worst things about Parliament is the parliamentary defence of Parliament. Politicians are using the same silly tricks of smug secrecy and evasion, which they used over the most trivial intrigues in the institution, as a belated and blundering defence of the institution itself. They have never had any notion of defending a thing, except proving it to be indefensible by leaving it undefended. They say nothing about the real distrust now so widely felt, when financial corruption has been followed by financial collapse. But there is something to be said for Parliament; at least there is something to be said against the Fascists who would merely destroy Parliament. And it is expressed in the paradox that the very mildest of all party systems was expressed in the military regimentation of

its benches or the heraldic fixity of its badges. Foreigners had fights, which were not designed and occurred from time to time. We had a sham fight, which was designed, and which occurred all the time. But behind that sham fight was much more of unity; possibly far too much unity. Therefore the Totalitarian State, with its one badge, its one bench and its one party, is not a cure for the old evils of the English party system. It was much too Totalitarian a State already. Its apparent party divisions were merely a popular sport, like the Boat Race; which is also the one and only example I know of shirts, ties, and badges being differentiated only by two shades of the same colour.



THE KING AND QUEEN PAY A PRIVATE VISIT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY: THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING AFTER A STAY OF AN HOUR.

On Sunday, March 25, their Majesties the King and Queen paid a private visit to the National Gallery. They were received by Sir Philip Sassoon, Chairman of the Trustees, and Mr. Kenneth Clark, the new Director, who is seen on the left, at the top of the steps. Their first inspection was of the large English Room, which was redecorated recently. 'Here her Majesty was told that it was intended to remove Vandyk's big equestrian portrait of King Charles I. to the entrance hall, where, as Mr. Clark remarked, it would be seen to better advantage, and would be in a position historically proper, since Charles was the first notable collector of Old Masters in England. The King's attention was specially drawn to Frith's "Derby Day"; and the Queen's to the fifteenth-century "Mass of St. Giles." His Majesty expressed a hope that it might be found possible to extend the hours of opening of the Gallery, in view of the fact that before the end of the year electric light will have been installed.

of Commons. I do not refer to what is, perhaps, the most English thing about it; that it is actually built on the assumption that a large number of its members will never turn up. I mean that we have again the paradox that there is most apparent division of parties exactly where there is least real division of principles. The Continental Parliaments are nearly all of them arranged on the principle of a Curve of Relativity; almost like that of Einstein. The seats are arranged in a crescent only tending to two extremes at its two horns; the positions known as the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left. But any number of people can sit left of the Right and right of the Left. And I believe these intermediate seats are or were chosen in a more or less symbolic manner,

TREASURES THE CONQUISTADORES MISSED: POTTERY DESIGNS FROM PANAMA.

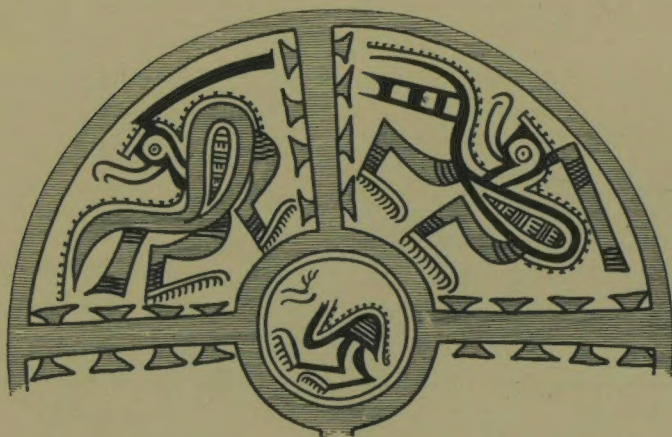
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A DRAWING OF DECORATION ON ONE OF THE COCLÉ POTTERY PLATES: A DESIGN SAID TO REPRESENT A DEER, A BIRD, AND FROGS. (DIAMETER, 13 IN.)



TWO OF THE REMARKABLE POTTERY PLATES FOUND IN THE COCLÉ EXCAVATIONS: (ON THE LEFT) A DESIGN OF CONVENTIONALISED FACES; (ON THE RIGHT) DANCING BIRDS AND GEOMETRIC PANELS. (DIAMETER—LEFT PLATE, 13 IN.; RIGHT PLATE, 12½ IN.)



A DRAWING OF THE DECORATION ON ANOTHER POTTERY PLATE: A DESIGN WHICH IS THOUGHT TO REPRESENT DANCING BIRDS. (DIAMETER, 14 IN.)

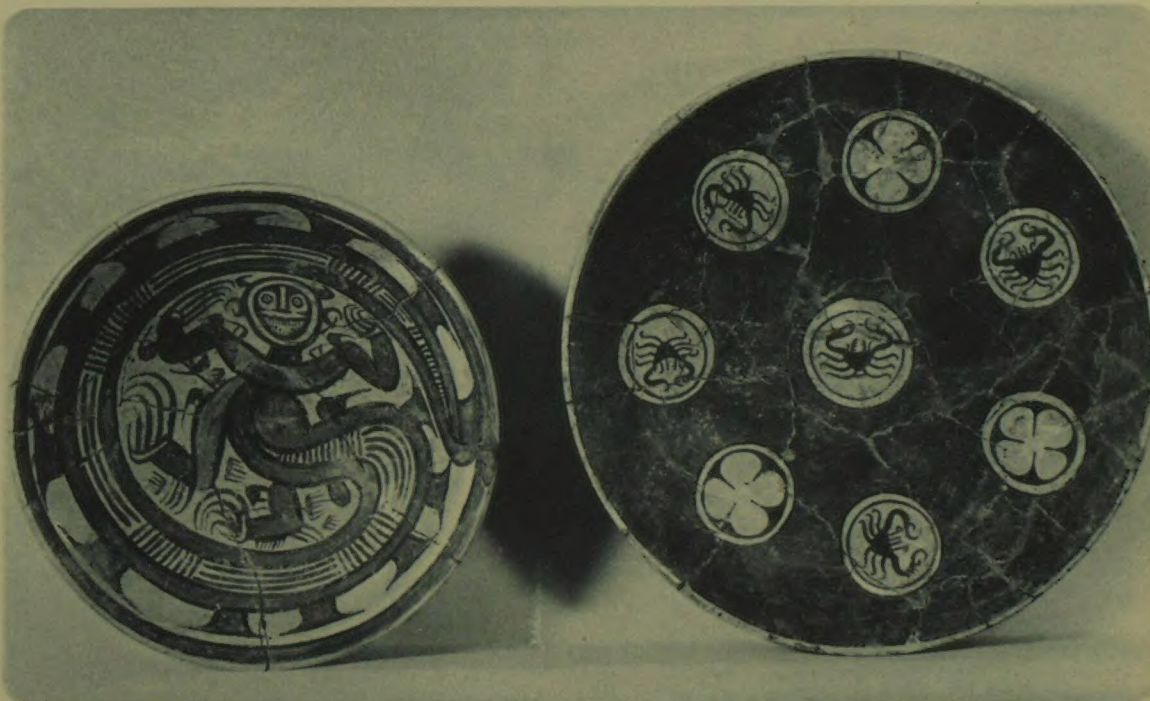


STRIKING ANIMAL DESIGNS, WITH OTHER CURIOUS PATTERNS, IN COCLÉ CERAMICS: TWO POTTERY PLATES—(LEFT) A DEER'S HEAD; (RIGHT) CONVENTIONALISED BATS. (DIAMETER, LEFT PLATE, ABOUT 12½ IN.; RIGHT PLATE, 13½ IN.)



A DRAWING OF THE DESIGN ON THE INTERIOR OF A BOWL FROM PANAMA: FIGURES APPARENTLY REPRESENTING DOGS—THE UPPER ONE INVERTED. (DIAMETER, 5½ IN.)

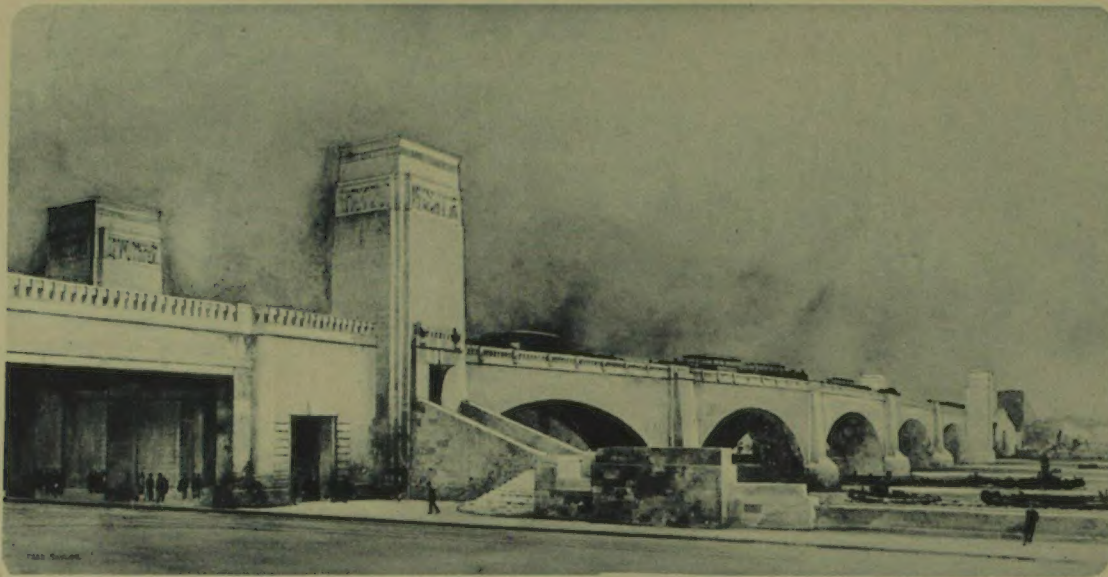
The recent excavations carried out in the province of Coclé, Panama, described in the article given on page 476 of this number, have added enormously to the world's knowledge of ancient art and culture in Central America, at a period prior to the Spanish Conquest. In ceramics alone the wealth of the discoveries was unprecedented, as may be gathered from the fact, mentioned in the article, that in a single grave, whose contents are enumerated as a typical example, there were found no fewer than 177 vessels of pottery. The way in which quantities of pottery vessels were packed closely together in some of the graves is well illustrated in a photograph of one such burial which we have reproduced on page 476. The decorative designs, as the above illustrations show, are remarkable for their beauty and vigour. Particularly notable are the motifs drawn from animal



PAINTED POTTERY PLATES WITH ANIMAL AND OTHER NATURE DESIGNS, FANTASTIC AND REALISTIC: (LEFT) A HUMAN-HEADED DRAGON; (RIGHT) CRABS AND FOUR-LEAF CLOVER. (DIAMETER—LEFT PLATE, 11½ IN.; RIGHT PLATE, 14½ IN.)

life, some of them in the highest degree fantastic, and others of a more naturalistic character. Discussing the origin of Coclé culture, the authors point out that the polychrome technique of the pottery implies a relationship with Southern Central America, while the art as a whole indicates an intensive local development.

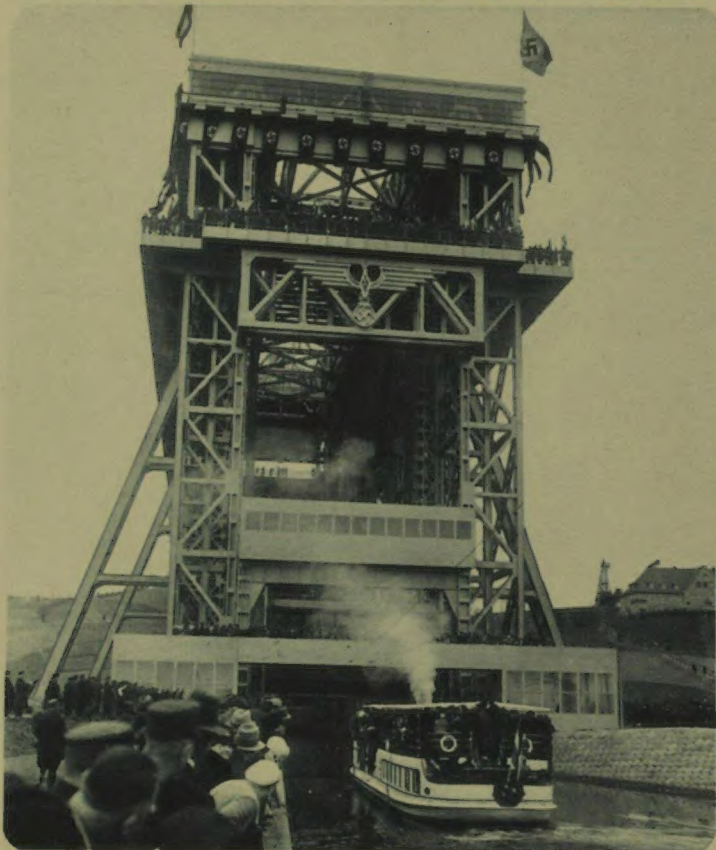
FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK:



A NEW WATERLOO BRIDGE? THE DESIGN BY SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT FOR A NEW BRIDGE CARRYING SIX LINES OF TRAFFIC, WHICH IS FAVOURED BY THE L.C.C. HIGHWAYS COMMITTEE.

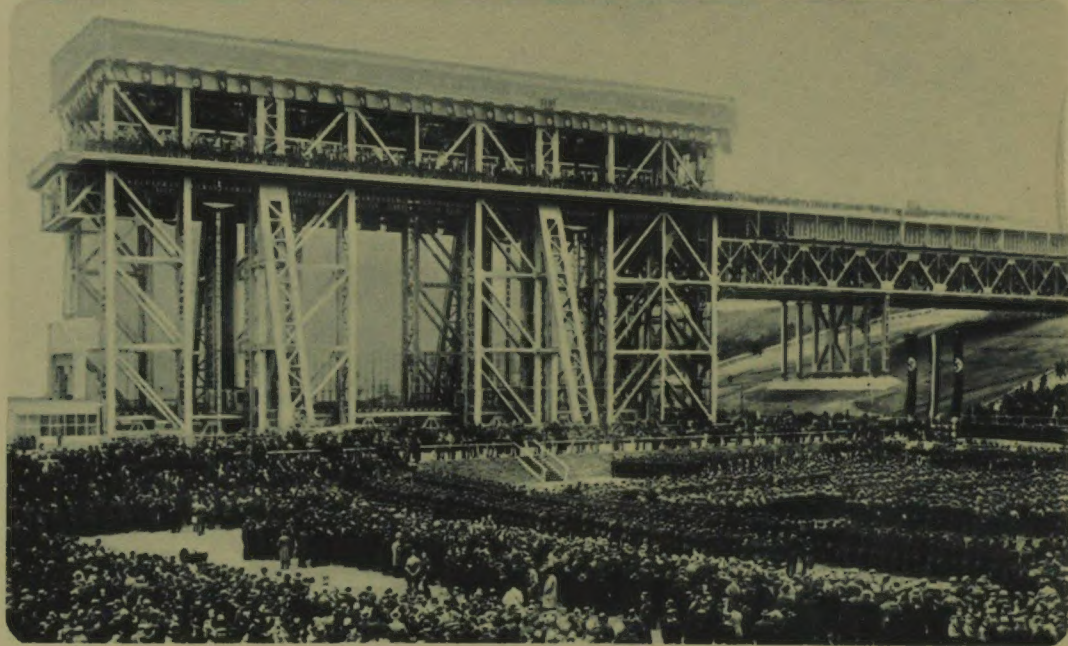
The Highways Committee of the London County Council decided on March 22 to recommend the Council, at its meeting on March 27, to demolish Waterloo Bridge and build a new bridge in its place, subject to a grant of 60 per cent. from the Ministry of Transport. The Government had already agreed to a 60 per cent. grant towards reconditioning and widening the old bridge.

Reconditioning would, however, provide for only four lines of traffic; and, though that scheme was estimated to cost £685,000 against the £1,295,000 needed for a new bridge carrying six lines, the Highways Committee urge the advantages of the more expensive course, on the grounds of traffic demands. They favour this design of Sir Giles Scott's.



THE FIRST OFFICIAL PASSAGE OF THE NIEDERFINOW "CANAL-LIFT": A RIVER-STEAMER ENTERING IT AT THE LOWER LEVEL.

The world's largest canal-boat elevator (illustrated also in our last issue), at Niederfinow, near Berlin, was opened on March 21, in the presence of General Göring, who was in the first vessel making the official passage. At the lower



THE INAUGURATION OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST CANAL-BOAT ELEVATOR, AT NIEDERFINOW, NEAR BERLIN: THE SCENE AT THE OPENING CEREMONY—A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE AQUEDUCT AT THE HIGHER LEVEL.

level the lift forms the Berlin junction of the Stettin Canal, and at the higher the terminus of the Hohenzollern Canal, carried to it over an aqueduct. The connecting link is the "trough," a gigantic tank weighing 4200 tons when filled with water, in which barges are raised or lowered 116 ft. in 20 minutes. Formerly it took over two hours for boats to pass from one



AN UNEMPLOYED "CUP FINAL" AT THE WEMBLEY STADIUM: THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESENTING THE SHIELD TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE WINNING WALTHAMSTOW TEAM.

The Prince of Wales was a spectator, on March 21, at the final round of the London Occupational Football League Competition, in which Walthamstow Fellowship Club (Walthamstow Section) beat Trafalgar Club, Greenwich (Eastern Section), by one goal to none. Both teams were entirely made up of unemployed men; and unemployed men were admitted free of charge to watch the play. Both teams were presented to the Prince of Wales at half-time; and at the conclusion of the game he presented the shield.



THE HEAD OF THE RIVER RACE—WON BY THE LONDON ROWING CLUB FOR THE NINTH TIME IN SUCCESSION.

The London Rowing Club won the Head of the River Race on March 24 for the ninth successive occasion, defeating Pembroke College, Cambridge, who had stroke, No. 7, No. 6, and bow of the Cambridge crew in the four stern seats, by one second in 20 minutes 17 seconds. There were 121 crews entered for the race, of whom 113 started. Only in 1927, the second year of the race, have London shared the honours with Thames R.C. The course is Mortlake to Putney.



THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT TREASURE OF THE WEEK: THE TWO MARYS AT THE SEPULCHRE; A MEDIEVAL IVORY.

Among fourteenth-century ivories, made mostly in France, this lovely carving of the Two Marys at the Sepulchre takes a high place. It almost certainly formed part of a larger whole, perhaps an altar-piece. No complete French fourteenth-century altar-piece in ivory has survived.

NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE POSSIBILITY OF OIL-FIELDS IN BRITAIN—A NEW BILL: A DERRICK IN DERBYSHIRE, WHERE BORING IS ESTABLISHED.

Mr. Runciman announced on March 22 new measures to encourage the search for natural oil in this country. The Petroleum (Production) Act of 1918 is to be repealed, and a new Bill introduced to allow better for intensive search. It is possible, but by no means certain, that oil does exist in commercial quantities. This photograph shows a well at Tibshelf, in Derbyshire, a county in which the Duke of Devonshire has long had a licence to bore.



PRINCE GEORGE IN JOHANNESBURG: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR FORMED BY THE TRANSVAAL SCOTTISH, WHO WERE ON DUTY DURING HIS STAY, AT THE RAND CLUB.

The welcome accorded to Prince George by Johannesburg, which, when his Royal Highness arrived on March 10, was crowded with visitors from the country and the Reef towns, outdid in warmth anything experienced in the South African tour. The Royal white train approached the city by way of the East Rand, passing the greatest goldfields of the world. The climax of Johannesburg's welcome was reached when the Royal procession arrived at the City Hall, round which all ways of approach, with roof-tops, balconies, and windows, were packed with a crowd of fifty thousand people assembled to cheer the Prince. Another photograph of the reception at Johannesburg is reproduced below.



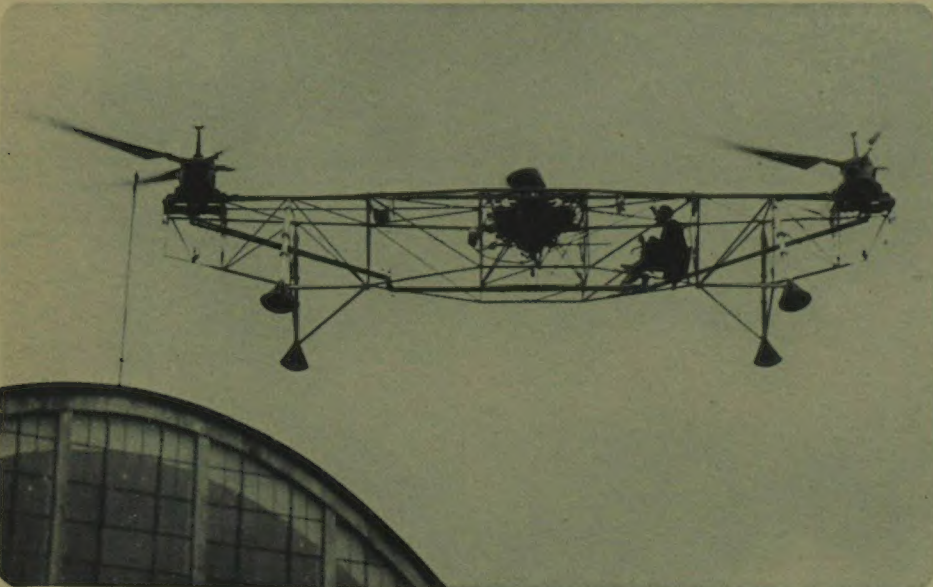
PRINCE GEORGE'S GREAT WELCOME AT JOHANNESBURG: A CIVIC RECEPTION AND GARDEN-PARTY AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

On the first day of his four-day stay in Johannesburg, Prince George attended a civic reception and garden-party at the Zoological Gardens, at which 15,000 guests were present. So great was the throng that the police were able only with the greatest difficulty to hold back the crowd and enable the Prince's car to proceed. His Royal Highness has since ended his tour through the Union, and passed north into Bechuanaland.



SUGGESTED NEW UNIFORMS FOR TELEGRAPH BOYS: A TRIAL SAMPLE (THE LEFT-HAND FIGURE) COMPARED WITH THE EXISTING STYLE.

On representations to the Post Office by the Union of Post Office Workers, it has been proposed to change the uniform worn by telegraph boys. The suggested new jacket has a roll collar, more comfortable in hot weather. There is no waistcoat, but the jacket would be kept buttoned. The boys would wear either a stiff white collar, or a soft collar of the same colour as the shirt, and a black tie. A sample uniform was made.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF HOVERING FLIGHT: A NEW TYPE OF HELICOPTER WHICH REMAINED STATIONARY IN THE AIR FOR FIVE MINUTES.

These two photographs illustrate the attention that is being directed in these days towards the development of aircraft which can land and take-off inside a small space. That on the left shows the "Florinne" helicopter recently tested by M. Collin, who, in a trial at Brussels, succeeded in hovering in the air for five minutes. That on the right shows a new type of wing for aeroplanes, designed and built



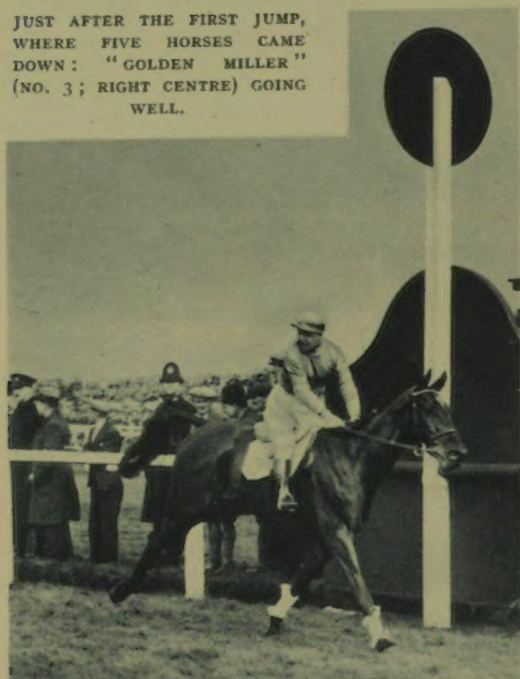
THE DEVELOPMENT OF HOVERING FLIGHT: AN AEROPLANE WITH WINGS LIKE AN UMBRELLA TESTED AT THE CURTISS AIRPORT IN CHICAGO.

by Messrs. Paul Nemeth, Ray Stein, and C. Buckland. This machine was designed to go at 135 miles an hour and land at an angle of 60 degrees inside a 25-ft. circle. In this connection it is interesting to note that the efficiency of autogyros is accepted by the Air Ministry, who have ordered a number of such machines. It is understood that Staff officers will in future travel in them during operations.

A RECORD-TIME GRAND NATIONAL: "GOLDEN MILLER'S" REMARKABLE VICTORY.



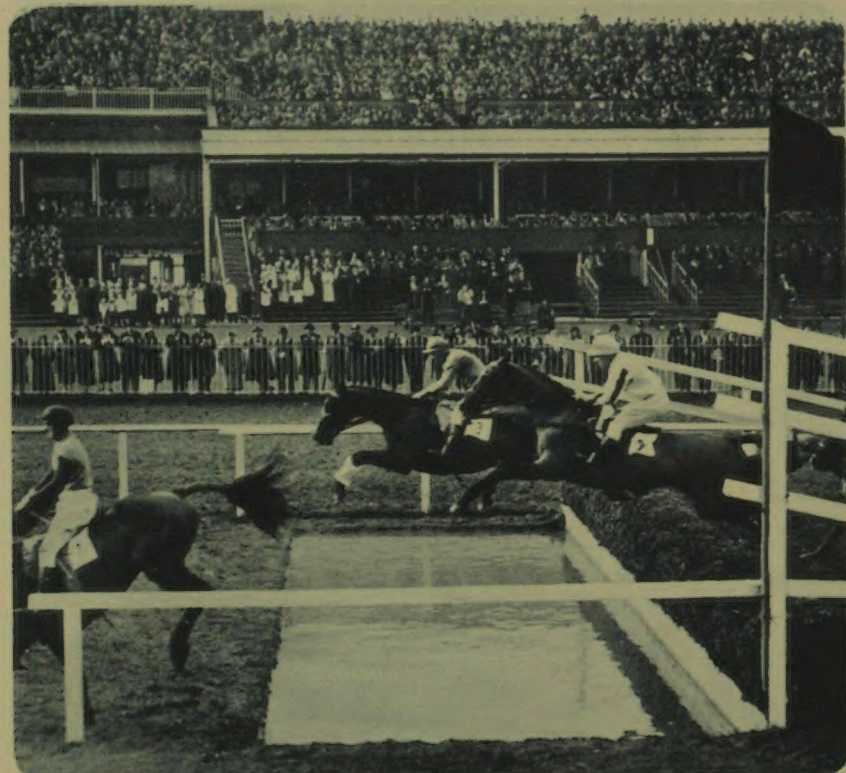
JUST AFTER THE FIRST JUMP, WHERE FIVE HORSES CAME DOWN: "GOLDEN MILLER" (NO. 3; RIGHT CENTRE) GOING WELL.



MISS DOROTHY PAGET'S "GOLDEN MILLER," RIDDEN BY G. WILSON, WINNING BY FIVE LENGTHS FROM "DELANEIGE": A VICTORY IN RECORD TIME.



"GOLDEN MILLER," THE WINNER: MISS DOROTHY PAGET'S SEVEN-YEAR-OLD GELDING, WHO WON BY FIVE LENGTHS IN 9 MINUTES 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ SECONDS, BEATING RECORD TIME BY NEARLY 8 SECONDS.



THE WATER-JUMP OPPOSITE THE STANDS AT THE END OF THE FIRST CIRCUIT; SHOWING PART OF THE HUGE CROWD: "GOLDEN MILLER" JUMPING, WITH "THOMOND II," WHO WAS THIRD, NEARER THE CAMERA.



A HIGHLY POPULAR VICTORY: MISS DOROTHY PAGET, WITH HER FATHER, LORD QUEENBOROUGH, HOLDING HER ARM, LEADING IN "GOLDEN MILLER," G. WILSON UP, AFTER HIS RECORD WIN



BECHER'S BROOK, THE MOST FORMIDABLE OF ALL THE GRAND NATIONAL JUMPS, WHERE, THIS YEAR, NO HORSE FELL ON EITHER ROUND—AN UNPRECEDENTED THING: "GOLDEN MILLER" (RIGHT) STUMBLING, BUT RECOVERING WELL.

MISS DOROTHY PAGET, second daughter of Lord Queenborough, won the Grand National at Aintree on March 23 with her beautiful seven-year-old gelding Golden Miller, by Goldcourt out of Miller's Pride, trained by Basil Briscoe and ridden by G. Wilson. Golden Miller started at 8 to 1 against, and beat Kellsboro' Jack's record time of last year by nearly eight seconds. Delaneige was second, five lengths away, and Thomond II. third, five lengths behind that. The race was exceptional in that there were no serious accidents and that on neither round did any horse fall at Becher's Brook. Out of thirty starters twelve finished. Golden Miller, it was later announced, would run at Ascot this year in the Queen Alexandra Stakes.

THE NAVY IN HEAVY SEAS: DESTROYER AND BATTLE - CRUISER IN WILD WEATHER.

THE recent combined Fleet Exercises were carried out in the Atlantic in the teeth of a gale. Realistic operations were only made possible by the fine seamanship displayed by the small cruisers, the destroyers, and the submarines. The old destroyers, which form the majority of the Home Fleet flotillas, could not stand up to the heavy weather and were forced to run for shelter. Three men attached to destroyers were injured as a result of the heavy seas. A seaman in H.M.S. "Valentine" received an injury to his hand; a man on board H.M.S. "Vidette" broke a leg; and a member of the crew of H.M.S. "Comet" had head injuries and a dislocated forearm.



A TYPE OF FIGHTING-SHIP IN WHICH SEVERAL SEAMEN WERE INJURED OWING TO WILD WEATHER DURING THE COMBINED FLEET EXERCISES IN THE ATLANTIC: THE DESTROYER "DUNCAN" MEETING HEAVY SEAS.



THE ANGRY ATLANTIC SWEEPING ON TO THE DECKS OF THE BIGGEST WAR-SHIP IN THE WORLD: THE BATTLE-CRUISER "HOOD" CARRYING OUT EXERCISES WHICH DEMANDED THE HIGHEST QUALITIES OF SEAMANSHIP.

"ALL THE POMP OF YESTERDAY."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE CONQUEST OF THE MAYA": By J. LESLIE MITCHELL.*

(PUBLISHED BY JARROLD'S)

WHO were the Maya of Central America? Mr. Mitchell, who is not altogether free from the odium *archæologicum*, makes merry over the many solemn fantasies which have been woven round their origin. His irony is certainly justified by twentieth-century discoveries and by the lesson of an improved historical technique; yet perhaps his impatience is a little harsh. Professor Trevelyan has pleaded recently for indulgence towards the "pioneer historian," and we think that equally generous allowances

should be made for the "pioneer archæologist" (who is, after all, only one kind of historian, working in a particularly difficult medium).

Nevertheless, Mr. Mitchell is on safe ground in denouncing the inveterate fallacy of the earlier learning about the Amerindians. It is now realised that the civilisations of Central and South America are inexplicable on the assumption that they were purely local and indigenous. Indeed, it becomes more and more clear that very few ancient civilisations anywhere were purely local and indigenous. We moderns flatter ourselves that it is our own sophisticated age which has put a girdle round the earth; but all the evidence seems to show that in the earliest recorded times the world was a far smaller place, and there was far more communication among the peoples of it than we are apt to imagine. A constant process of migration, conquest, and

interchange led to that "diffusion" of culture which has been expounded in the masterly works of Professor G. Elliot Smith (who contributes a preface to this volume). On no other theory is it possible to explain the remarkable coincidences of institutions, of cultures, and especially of religions which occur in widely separated parts of the archaic world.

Mr. Mitchell is a staunch adherent of the "diffusion theory," and his application of it to the Maya makes his book one of the most valuable which has yet dealt with a mysterious people of antiquity. We do not know, and we may never discover, who the autochthones of the Maya lands were; but it is now fairly certain that it was not aborigines, or at all events not they alone, who created what we understand by "Maya civilisation"—that is to say, the civilisation which has left its astonishing architectural relics in Central America. "Somewhere early in the 8th Cycle or late in the 7th" (i.e., some time in the sixth or seventh century A.D.) "incursions of explorers,

and finally definite prospectors and colonizers, began to enter the Central Maya area, in search of the surface gold so thickly scattered in the Peten and Usamacintla area, in search of pearls and precious stones. These newcomers found many settled sites, and settled there themselves or reared fresh settlements and set up the marks of their characteristic civilization. They were full-blooded Asiatics, small in numbers; they bred and intermarried with the native population till, in a generation or so, they disappeared as a type. . . . The founding of the Maya Old Empire was not the work of the ancestors of the present-day Maya, either of the old triangle or of Yucatan. It was an alien importation from that ferment of cultural activity which reared the palaces and temples of the Chams and Khmers in Cambodia, which inspired the Buddhist Temple of Voro-Budur in Java and the Temple of Kalasan."

We cannot here review all the evidence which Mr. Mitchell adduces in support of this view; a few conspicuous examples, however, may be mentioned. The Old Empire architecture, which Mr. Mitchell examines in detail, "was substantially founded on a few principal designs which arose in remote Mediterranean and Mesopotamian countries and passed across the world, eastward, in ebbing circles of various speeds and reach." It is impossible to mistake the resemblance between the Maya god Chac and the Indian Indra-Ganesha, or between the Maya monkey-god and the Hindu Hanuman; in the former case the most striking feature is that the god appears to be elephant-headed (in a country where the elephant never existed), and this is not the only example of what may be called the elephant-motif in Maya remains. And there are many other evidences of the "great wave of cultural renaissance" (to quote Professor Elliot Smith) which arose in the Gupta period in India and swept eastward with irresistible force. "That stream carried to Central America, Mexico and the Pacific coast of South America the inspiration for the marvellous civilization of the Mayas and Incas, which reached their fullest expression between the sixth and twelfth centuries A.D."

Was the civilization of the Maya "marvellous"? Mr. Mitchell makes no exaggerated claims for it, and is under no illusions concerning its deficiencies. It produced two wonders of history—its architecture and its highly complex calendar. The latter Mr. Mitchell describes as "one of the most remarkable mental instruments ever fashioned," and his exposition of it is a permanent contribution to Amerindian learning. This calendar was a "remarkable farmers' almanac"; "whatever its original inspirations and divergences, on that calendar ultimately all the intellectual energies of the race appear to have been narrowed." These two feats, however, were strangely disproportionate

as the world has ever seen. The heart sickens at Mr. Mitchell's description of its tortures and slayings-alive and human sacrifices—ferocious, sadistic, and even anthropophagous. The earth can seldom have seen such creatures of nightmare as the blood-matted *nacons*, or priests, whose ghoulish function it was to tear the heart from the living victim, or to perform the ceremonial dance in the skin stripped from his body. "Their mental life is a thing as remote from modern concept as the mental life of the dinosaur." The remark, we think, is unjust to the dinosaur.

It may be that a "civilization" which rested on such foundations was self-doomed; at all events, it was already in dissolution when the Spaniards began to subjugate it in the early sixteenth century—an enterprise which, they were soon to learn, was never worth the effort it cost, and was certainly no warrant for the greedy hopes which had been entertained of it. The Maya New Empire which the Spaniards found was a comparatively recent affair. Its predecessor, the Old Empire, may conceivably have endured



CELEBRATED AS EVIDENCE FOR THE "DIFFUSION OF CULTURE" THEORY: AN INDIAN ELEPHANT HEAD FROM A STELA AT COPAN, IN CENTRAL AMERICA, A COUNTRY IN WHICH ELEPHANTS NEVER EXISTED.



AN ARCHITECTURAL METHOD CARRIED LONG AGO FROM THE OLD WORLD TO CENTRAL AMERICA: COMPARATIVE EXAMPLES—(LEFT) THE "FALSE ARCH" AT TARENTUM, ITALY; (RIGHT) THE "FALSE ARCH" IN PALENQUE, MEXICO (MAYA OLD EMPIRE).

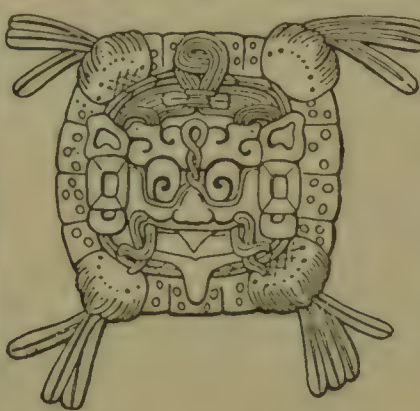
"The Old Empire (Maya) builder had two methods of roofing: by means of beams and by means of the false arch. . . . The employment of the false arch gives to Maya buildings the deep entablature which their sculptural artists put to such extensive and varied use. . . . With the great stone buildings pyramidal sub-structures were as invariable as the corbelled arch. . . . The detail of the corbelled arch passed lightly across the Old World scene, hardly halted in further Asia, and, far from the Argolid structures, found new builders of heavy stone in the Central American clearings."

Illustrations reproduced from "The Conquest of the Maya." By J. Leslie Mitchell. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Jarrolds.

for a thousand years; it had probably been in existence long before the date of its earliest inscriptions (circa 592 A.D., at Uaxactun), and Mr. Mitchell believes that it probably survived, though in a moribund form, for some three centuries after its written records abruptly ceased in the twelfth century A.D. Mr. Mitchell does not share the view, which has been commonly held, that it suddenly ended through some calamity such as pestilence, tempest, failure of crops or failure of water-supply. He suggests that it may have continued a precarious existence, at all

events in its chief sites, until the coming of the "scum of the seas," as the vanquished called their vanquishers. Whether this be so or not, a New Empire had established itself in Yucatan, and its history was turbulent from first to last. Legend commemorates at least two invasions before the Toltecs came down like the wolf on the fold, under the great general and statesman, the Plumed Serpent, the man-god, Quetzalcoatl. The Mayapan League which his statesmanship formed out of different territories and tribes was always fissiparous, and had broken up, through internal causes, more than half a century before the first Spaniards arrived in

1511. Its last years of independent existence are a tale of pestilence, hurricane, and slaughter. Mr. Mitchell describes vigorously the various stages of the Spanish Conquest, which was complete—for what it was worth—by 1541. And so this "fearful civilization" passed into memory and became another closed chapter in the story of man's long agony. The letters are faint now, but they are still distinguishable as letters of blood.—C. K. A.



TRANS-PACIFIC DIFFUSION OF A SCULPTURAL MOTIF BASED ON A GREEK MYTH: (LEFT) A GORGON'S HEAD FROM ATHENS; (CENTRE) A GORGON'S HEAD FROM PALENQUE, MEXICO; (RIGHT) A GORGON'S HEAD FROM SYRACUSE, SICILY. Concerning Maya deities, Mr. Leslie Mitchell writes: "The Sun-god, so called, the Gorgon-like grinning face with the filed teeth and lolling tongue, is a frequent figure on the monuments. . . . He it is who is portrayed on the shield before which stand the sacrificing priests in Palenque's Temple of the 'Sun.' An heritage of an older and darker era than that of specifically Indian influence, he was yet to remain bright in the minds of the Maya, when other and more ephemeral gods had faded or were sternly tamed to mundane affairs."

The Palenque Head after Imbelloni.

to the other achievements of Maya culture. "It was largely a civilization of fear, a fearful civilization, in many respects an aberrant civilization." It was "curiously rooted and static in the beliefs and notions of the Archaic cult, though equipped beyond the Archaic cult in many ways." Its contribution to human history is negligible; "it left to the common mind of man not a single thought or aspiration of importance." Its religion was as dreadful

* "The Conquest of the Maya." By J. Leslie Mitchell. With a Foreword by Professor G. Elliot Smith, F.R.S., D.Sc., etc. (Jarrolds; 28s. net.)

RULED BY THE CHIEF WOMAN AND HER SON, CHIEF MAN: THE LONELY ISLAND—TRISTAN DA CUNHA.



TRISTAN DA CUNHA, THE LONELY ISLAND IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC, RECENTLY SUPPLIED BY THE ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP "DISCOVERY II." (SEEN IN THE DISTANCE): PRIMITIVE OX-CARTS AND A HOUSE.



THE SETTLEMENT AND PROMONTORY AT TRISTAN DA CUNHA: A RUGGED, TREE-LESS COASTLINE; AND (INSET ABOVE) THE ISLAND'S YOUNGEST INHABITANT AT THE TIME OF THE "DISCOVERY II.'S" VISIT, WITH HER MOTHER, MRS. MABEL GLASS.



THE CHIEF MAN AND THE CHIEF WOMAN ON TRISTAN DA CUNHA: MRS. REPETTO AND HER SON, PETER REPETTO, WHOSE ADMINISTRATIVE WORK HAS BEEN ACCORDED MANY TRIBUTES.



A FINE PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN OFF TRISTAN DA CUNHA, DURING THE VISIT OF THE ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP "DISCOVERY II.": THE SUN RISING BEHIND THE ISLAND'S RUGGED MASS; WITH ONE OF THE ISLANDERS' GOAT-SKIN BOATS IN THE FOREGROUND.

One of the rare mails from Tristan da Cunha recently reached England, bringing the news that the failure of the potato crop had caused much privation there. But the emergency was met by the men, who went out fishing nearly every day. Supplies of mollyhawks' eggs were also brought from Inaccessible Island, and potatoes were planted there against the recurrence of the calamity. The Island Council, recently constituted, is now in being. Mrs. Repetto is the Chief Woman of the island, and Peter, her son, Chief Man. She has her council of women to help her, and he his council of men. Peter Repetto was quoted as reporting: "I am getting on splendidly with the people at Tristan—a few lazy ones give

trouble, but they have got to be put right." The Royal Mail liner "Atlantis" recently touched at Tristan, and the new chaplain, the Rev. Harold Wilde, was put ashore. An interesting point in the recent mail from Tristan is a description of how an epidemic cold seized the inhabitants of the island after the visit of a French war-ship. An epidemic "boat-cold" was characteristic of another lonely island, St. Kilda; and, it may be recalled, formed the subject of a discussion between Boswell and Dr. Johnson. The latter permitted himself to advance a facetious explanation for the phenomenon. But modern writers have also observed the phenomenon on St. Kilda; and Kearton described it as a sort of influenza.

THE PROBLEM OF ROAD SAFETY: PROPOSED METHODS OF

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



HOW TO MAKE OUR ROADS SAFE FOR MOTORISTS AND OTHER TRAVELLERS: A PICTORIAL

It is to the interest of all users of the highway—motorists and motorcyclists, pedal-cyclists and pedestrians—that every effort should be made to ensure safety in road-travel and minimise casualties, which in recent years have so gravely increased. Motorists are concerned, above all, as forming the largest class of road-users. Two important announcements were recently made on this subject—one, that the Minister of Transport (Major Oliver Stanley) was about to introduce in Parliament a new Road Bill; and the other that the Ministry had arranged for weekly reports to be published, as from Easter, giving the number of people killed or injured on the roads, to assist the campaign for the reduction of accidents. The Ministry has also asked the National "Safety First" Association to stimulate local

activities in this direction. A hopeful sign was the Home Secretary's recent statement showing that road deaths in the Metropolitan Police area during January and February (taken together) had decreased as compared with the same months last year. Our artist, Mr. G. H. Davis, consulted various responsible authorities and received assistance, among others, from the "Safety First" Council, the Automobile Association, and the "Autocar." In preparing these drawings, which offer a few suggestions for combating the peril of the roads. The improvement of dangerous road-junctions by the provision of "roundabouts" has tended to decrease accidents at these death-traps, while the introduction of one-way main roads divided by a central strip of grass, and the increase of warning signs, traffic lights,

REDUCING ACCIDENTS; LESSONS FROM THE CONTINENT.

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS



DEMONSTRATION OF URGENT REFORMS; AND

and so on, are helping towards safer road-travel, but it is generally recognised that further reforms are necessary. Speed limits in towns, so general on the Continent, will probably have to be reintroduced here. New laws may also be necessary regarding the crossing of roads by pedestrians. In many large Continental cities special crossing-places are provided, and in Paris, where hundreds of these crossing-places are in operation, they have effected an extraordinary reduction in fatalities. Further, we shall, no doubt, soon witness the general adoption of traffic lanes on main highways, to prevent the dangerous "echelon" driving so prevalent to-day, while overtaking at corners will be prohibited. Notwithstanding the opposition of certain cycling organisations to the legal enforcement of lighted rear-lamps

DEVICES DRAWN FROM FOREIGN PRACTICE.

for pedal cyclists, it is generally admitted that the present reflectors are inefficient, as they can only be seen by a motorist when he is using his head-lamps. In many Continental countries the cyclist has to carry a rear lamp. This has been compulsory in France since July last, and has considerably reduced the number of casualties to cyclists. It is a debatable point whether compulsory driving tests and medical tests, widely enforced on the Continent, would be effective, but laws for precedence at road-junctions are essential, as one-fifth of all the fatal accidents happen at these dangerous points. The provision of good road lighting in built-up areas, improvement of main road surfaces to prevent skidding, elimination of dangerous cambers, and efficient police patrols are necessary measures.

THE FORTRESS-CITADEL OF KING CHRISTOPHE OF HAITI, THE NEGRO NAPOLEON :

A MONUMENT TO HIS TYRANNY AND GENIUS.

(See Colour-Page I and Pages 489 and 490.)

The following article, describing King Christophe's citadel, consists of extracts from one written by Major G. H. Osterhout, U.S.M.C., in the "National Geographic Magazine." It is followed by a note on the same subject by Mr. John O. Hulse.

ABOUT twenty miles to the south-west of the town of Cap Haitien, in the north of the island of Haiti, there stands, on the top of a precipitous mountain, one of the wonders of the Western Hemisphere, yet one whose existence is at present scarcely known and one whose full history will never be written. A personal visit to Christophe's Citadel is necessary in order fully to appreciate its massiveness, its intricate and elaborate construction, and its remote situation.

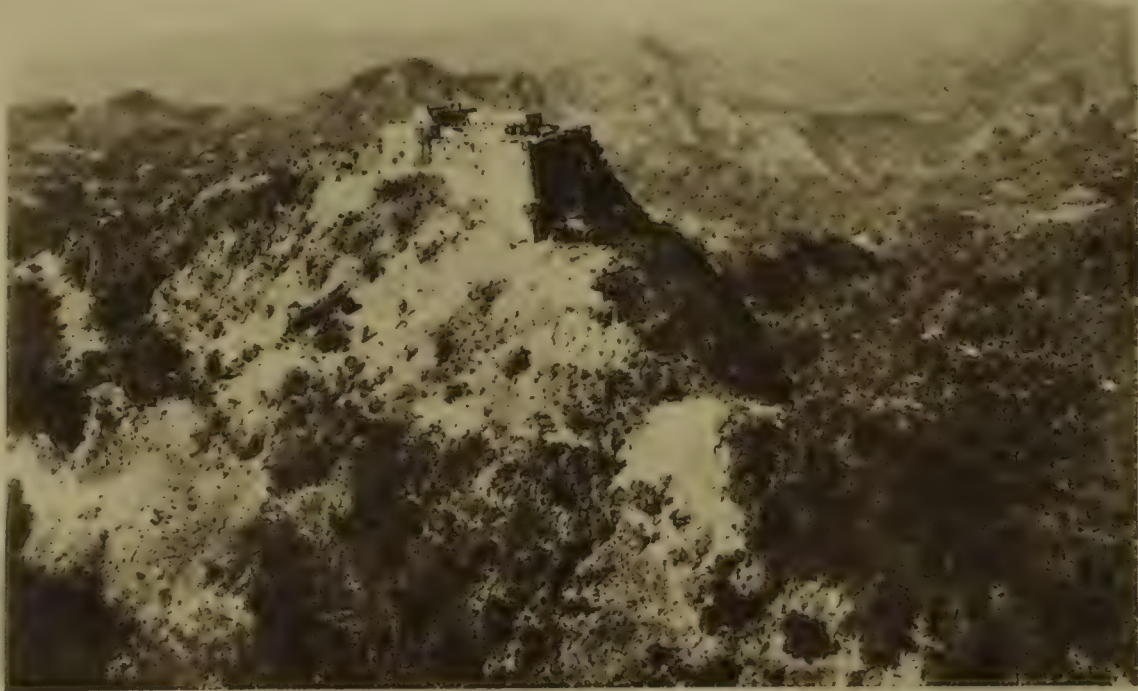
It is not known what length of time was required to build the citadel, but it is evident it was finished some little time prior to Christophe's death, in 1820. Its construction is variously estimated to have taken a toll ranging from ten to twenty thousand human lives. The mere location is such that one wonders how nature provided such a site, and a thorough inspection causes unbounded admiration for the master mind that recognised its possibilities, aside from conceiving and constructing the edifice now standing there; for Bonnet à L'Évêque could not have been more ideally located for its purpose if it had been made to order. Occupying the entire top of the mountain, the citadel commands every neighbouring peak and approach, while a spring beneath and inside of the building furnishes an abundant supply of water, that prime necessity in withstanding a long siege.

The building has the prow formation, pointing toward the magnetic north, the entire eastern face being in this line. On the eastward side, which is the longest, is located the main battery of heavy guns; and strategically this

citadel. The tomb inside a nearby room is supposed to contain the remains of some of his family. The latter is unmarked.

Many stories have been given tongue by the native guides to inspire the horror of the visitors. For instance, on his first visit, the writer was shown a sizable masonry chute in the centre of one of the galleries, and informed

Henry Christophe, that half-crazy, half-inspired negro slave who afterwards became King of Haiti. Its site is the summit of Le Bonnet à l'Évêque, 2500 ft. above sea-level, in the heart of the jungle, fourteen miles south of Cap Haitien. Christophe's Citadel, as it is often called, was constructed entirely by forced labour. Every bit of stone, brick, metal, and wood, and 365 bronze cannon—the heaviest weighs five tons—were transported from sea-level and put in place by men, women, and children. It is said that twenty thousand lives were expended in this stupendous undertaking. Be that as it may, La Ferrière was as useless on the day of its completion as it is now. It is a wonder of the world—but a wonder of futility.



CHRISTOPHE'S CITADEL, PERCHED ON THE 2500-FOOT "BISHOP'S HAT": AN IMPREGNABLE BUT FUTILE MONUMENT WHOSE BUILDING COST THOUSANDS OF HUMAN LIVES.

At the corner, facing the sea, stands out the turret shaped like a ship's prow from which, it is said, Christophe hurled the architect, Felix Ferrière, into the abyss 700 feet below—to safeguard the secrets of the citadel's design.

This Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of Mr. John O. Hulse; the others by Courtesy of Major G. H. Osterhout, U.S.M.C.

by the Haitien guide that it was a "death slide" through which Christophe hurled his victims from the side of the citadel into the valley far below. Subsequent investigation revealed the fact that the end of the "death slide" was less than twenty feet above a terrace, and must have been designed as a chute for refuse!

The ruins of the ornate Sans Souci Palace at Milôt, while very elaborate, do not compare with the citadel in interest or as a source of speculation; yet the remains of such grandeur in that location make a profound impression on a visitor, causing many reflections on the earthly ambitions of Christophe, and serving as an index to the truly regal state which he must have achieved.

The French origin of the architecture is apparent at a

I toiled in tropical heat up three-quarters of a circle to the foot of a stone wall, in shape like the prow of some gigantic, red-hued ship, before the wonder began, bit by bit, to reveal itself. Try to picture the scene: a stronghold larger and more massive than the Tower of London, its walls 130 ft. high and from 20 to 30 ft. thick, on top of which, on the eastern side, runs a gun corridor 270 ft. long by 30 ft. wide, the whole enclosing royal apartments, a *palais d'armes* for drills and ceremonies, a moat and drawbridge, stables, storehouses, powder-magazines, and sufficient room to house a garrison of 10,000 men with six-months' stores, water supply, and ammunition. All this, remember, on a peak 2500 ft. high.

The drop from one part of the gun corridor into the

Grand Boucan is a sheer 700 ft. It was from here, tradition has it, that Christophe hurled the mulatto architect, Felix Ferrière. The story goes that it was from this spot, too, that he marched a company of soldiers into the abyss to demonstrate to a British admiral their discipline. No one has lived in the citadel since an October night in 1820, when the Emperor died. At night, bats from the underground dungeons swerve eerily above a brick tomb in an inner courtyard. It bears, in French, Christophe's motto: "I rise again from my ashes." But even ashes were denied him; the corpse, with a golden bullet in its heart, was disintegrated by quicklime.

Some of the 365 cannon are still in place on mahogany carriages. Others lie scattered in confusion. One gun I examined, elegantly chased with the fleur-de-lis and a regimental crest, bore an arsenal stamp of 1786. Facing the sea from which he expected his enemies to come, Christophe had his council-room, its stone ceiling so cleverly vaulted that from his throne the Emperor's words rolled like thunder. Haitians did not understand acoustics—

but Ferrière did. Portions of the citadel have been wrecked by treasure-hunters. Before paralysis overcame him, Christophe passed many solitary nights on the walls of his fortress with bricks and mortar, building with his own hands.

Out of this arose the tale that thirty million dollars' worth of gold lies hidden in La Ferrière. Perhaps it does. Or perhaps, deep down in his African heart, Christophe had a sense of humour.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO CHRISTOPHE'S CITADEL, LA FERRIÈRE; SHOWING THE HEIGHT OF THE TOWERING WALLS COMPARED WITH MEN STANDING ON THE TERRACE.

glance, while the site, with its command of the view down the fertile valley of Milôt, is one of rare beauty. At the front one sees the remains of a series of beautiful terraced gardens, while to the rear are the ruins of many masonry houses formerly occupied by the black king's numerous retinue, household guards, and stables.

Mr. John O. Hulse adds the following note: The story of La Ferrière is inseparably woven with that of its builder,



CHRISTOPHE'S "TREE OF JUSTICE" AT HIS PALACE, SANS SOUCI: THE STAR-APPLE TREE ON THE TERRACE, BENEATH WHICH THE NEGRO KING HEARD ALL CASES AND AWARDED SENTENCES.

should be so, for this gives absolute command of the most dangerous approach, that from the direction of Grande Rivière. An army, with the necessary guns and equipage successfully to attack this stronghold, would have to come from that direction.

The guns came mostly from the English, some from the captured French forts, and others, judging from the very apparent results of the corrosive action of salt water on them, came from war-vessels wrecked along the treacherous coast. Some, too, are mounted in the upper gallery on the southern face and in the lower gallery to the north-west. Others are lying in the court and along the east parapet. At least a dozen large mortars are piled up outside. With the meagre facilities available in the early nineteenth century, and especially in Haiti, it is a source of mystery how these guns were brought up the precipitous mountain trail to their present location. There is a tradition that Christophe was accustomed to assign a certain distance which a given force of men would have to move a gun each day, and upon their failing to do so he killed every tenth man of the detachment.

The surface of the rocks on the trails leading to the citadel is worn in ruts and is as smooth as glass from the passage of the heavy weights over them—a silent testimonial to the appalling amount of labour expended. These traces are especially conspicuous along a steep trail down the slope west of the low prow, indicating that toilers or their taskmasters preferred the steeper trail to the more gradual, but longer, one, around to the front and zigzagging up to the main entrance. It is a good three hours' climb either from Milôt or Grande Rivière to the citadel, the grade from the latter being far easier.

The entire structure is in an excellent state of preservation, except that the floors in the prow were all shaken down in the earthquake of 1842, which laid the town of Cap Haitien in ruins. On the night of his death, Christophe's body was placed in lime in the main tomb of the

THE CITADEL AND THE PALACE OF HAITI'S NEGRO NAPOLEON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. JOHN O. HULSE.



TREASURE-SEEKERS, AFTER THEIR VAIN SEARCH, STANDING ON THE WALLS OF CHRISTOPHE'S CITADEL, LA FERRIÈRE, IN NORTHERN HAITI: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS AEROPLANE—THE FIRST AIR VIEW MADE OF THIS WONDER OF THE WESTERN WORLD.



SANS SOUCI: THE RUINS OF CHRISTOPHE'S PALACE AT MILÔT, NEAR CAP HAITIEN—AN ORNATE AND ELABORATE EDIFICE OF BRICK, PLASTERED OVER WITH YELLOW STUCCO, WHERE COURT WAS HELD IN POMP AND AN ABSURDLY TITLED NOBILITY ATTENDED THE NEGRO KING.

The legend that King Christophe, who, with his own hands, built much of his fantastic citadel, La Ferrière, hid there treasure amounting to thirty million dollars'-worth of gold, led to an amateur expedition to investigate the ruins. It was completely unsuccessful. The citadel is described in an article and a note on the opposite page. Little less astonishing than the citadel was Christophe's palace, Sans Souci, at Milôt. There the King held

Court, surrounded by a nobility which he created with such titles as his Serene Highness the Prince du Limbe, his Excellency the Comte de la Tasse, the Duke of Marmalade, and the Duke of Limonade. At Sans Souci a mountain stream was diverted under the ground floor to keep the state-rooms cool; the floors were of marble and mahogany; and the palace was furnished elaborately with valuable European furniture and pictures.

RELICS OF CHRISTOPHE'S CITADEL: A MONUMENT TO HIS TYRANNY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR G. H. OSTERHOUT, U.S.M.C.



ONE OF THE EMPTY TREASURE CHESTS FOUND AMONG THE RUINS OF CHRISTOPHE'S CITADEL: AN INDICATION THAT WHATEVER TREASURE THERE MAY ONCE HAVE BEEN HAS LONG SINCE BEEN REMOVED.



FILES OF CANNON BALLS IN THE GUN EMPLACEMENTS OF CHRISTOPHE'S CITADEL; SHOWING HOLES DUG IN THE WALLS BY SEEKERS AFTER HIDDEN TREASURE, WHO MET WITH NO SUCCESS.



A COURTYARD IN CHRISTOPHE'S CITADEL, WHERE THE KING'S BODY WAS BROUGHT IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS SUICIDE IN 1820; WITH THE EMPTY TOMB STANDING APART IN THE MIDDLE.



THE EMPTY TOMB OF CHRISTOPHE, WHOSE BODY WAS DISINTEGRATED BY QUICK-LIME: A SEPULCHRE OF BRICK, BEARING IN FRENCH THE KING'S MOTTO, "I RISE AGAIN FROM MY ASHES."



THE INSCRIPTION ON THE WALL BESIDE THE ALTAR OF A CHURCH AT LIMONADE, NEAR CAP HAITIEN, WHERE, ATTENDING MASS IN AUGUST 1820, CHRISTOPHE FELL, STRICKEN WITH APOPLEXY AND PARALYSIS.



THE MAIN BATTERY, THIRTY FEET WIDE, IN THE EASTERN GALLERY OF CHRISTOPHE'S CITADEL; EACH GUN COMPARTMENT BEING SEPARATED FROM THOSE ADJOINING BY THICK WALLS OF MASONRY AS PROTECTION AGAINST LOCAL EXPLOSIONS.

The wonders of Christophe's citadel, La Ferrière, are described in an article by Major G. H. Osterhout on page 488. The building of the citadel came about in this way. When, in 1804, the negro leader Dessalines, after the successful revolt of the Haitians against the French, assigned his military leaders to various parts of the island, he instructed them to build strongholds where ammunition, arms, and supplies could be safely stored, and where a stand could be made by the Haitians against a possible French attempt at reconquest. Christophe was given

the north; and he immediately set about building his fortress on Bonnet à L'Évêque with such zeal as to justify the strong suspicion that from the first he contemplated not only resisting the French, but also overthrowing Dessalines. Christophe's downfall and death were as melodramatic as his career. Attending Mass in August 1820, he suffered a stroke of apoplexy and remained paralysed below the waist. He shot himself the following October. The only known contemporary picture of him—by Richard Evans (1784-1871)—is published opposite.



THE GREATEST PERSONALITY IN THE HISTORY OF THE BLACK RACE: THE NEGRO NAPOLEON.
HENRY CHRISTOPHE, KING OF HAITI—THE ONLY KNOWN CONTEMPORARY PICTURE OF HIM.

FROM THE PAINTING BY RICHARD EVANS (1784—1871).

This remarkable portrait of one of the most romantic, not to say melodramatic, characters in history was exhibited by Richard Evans at the Royal Academy in 1818. Henry Christophe, born a slave in the island of St. Christopher in about 1769, became a waiter in Cap Haitien (then Cap Française). In the general uprising of the slaves of Haiti, his tremendous physique, his courage, ferocity, and cunning achieved for him a place as the trusted lieutenant of the great negro general, Toussaint L'Ouverture. Christophe was general-in-chief of the army during the short-lived government of Dessalines, and after the latter's assassination was made President of Haiti in 1807. Five years later he was

crowned King; and though the island prospered under him, his dominion, always stern, became tyrannical, and, deserted by his troops and becoming paralysed in body, he shot himself, it is said with a golden bullet, on October 8, 1820. The great fortress-citadel which Christophe had built on a mountain-top in the jungle south of Cap Haitien is one of the wonders of the western world. Little less astonishing was his palace, Sans Souci, at Milôt, where the King held court. This fine portrait, by an artist who was for some years pupil and assistant to Sir Thomas Lawrence, shows him in the Napoleonic uniform he loved to wear.

This beautiful old English sea-chart of the East Indies and eastern coasts of Asia, designed by Nicholas Comberford and dated 1665, possesses decorative quality as high as its geographical interest. The compass miniatures, surmounted by ornamental fleurons-de-lis, are exquisitely done in gold, red, green, and blue, and the various countries and islands are outlined in pink, green, blue, or yellow. The map belongs to the class known as Portolan charts, distinguished by their characteristic systems of rhumb-lines (lines cutting all types of meridian lines at right angles). They were first used in the Mediterranean, before 1270, as sailing directories for seamen, and were based upon estimated bearings and distances between the principal ports or capes. Originally the bearings were dependent on the seaman's observations of the heavens, since the charts were in use long before the general adoption of the magnetic compass on board ship. As Portolan charts were drawn from the observations of sailors, they were necessarily based on the knowledge of the coast-shoals and sand-banks that of interior regions. This example is absolutely in its original state, mounted upon wooden boards and hinged to fold into a portable form. It has, not unnaturally, slight water stains at the corners, but on the whole is in remarkable preservation. From the geographical point of view several points of great interest emerge. It will be seen at once that the West Indies are represented by a group of islands, and that the Chinese coast is shown at a point where the map-maker had not been. He marked the main Chinese provinces along the coast, and these, reading upwards, are, in modern spelling, Kwang-si, Canton, Che-kiang, Nanking, Shan-tung. The

comes, rather surprisingly, from "Guineci," which if the earlier spelling were a safe analogy, might correspond to "Guinea," a province in a place situated west of Che-king. A great feature of interest to subjects of the British Empire is that part of the Australian coast south of Cape York is represented, and several of the place-names, for instance "Staten R." and "Watering Place R." (now Water Plains), have their modern counterparts. By 1666 the Dutch had made several landings on the Australian continent, and our cartographer must have had reports from the English and Dutch alike. The English had been in the area for nearly 20 years before this map. Comberford's information is clearly based on voyages along the south coast of New Guinea (since he knows of False Cape), which were continued down the eastern coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria and returned the way they came. Otherwise he would have heard of the great jutting mass of Arnhem Land, which should occupy, roughly, the part where the English signature is. The signature is a little like the word "Tramontano" (which is a mention about the end of the fifteenth century. It arose from the custom of marking the eight principal points on early Mediterranean *portulani*, or sailing charts, with the initials of the corresponding winds. The north wind was *Tramontano*; and sometimes a broad arrowhead was added to the T, a combination which eventually developed into a fleur-de-lis. As to the signature, the "S" might be the "S" of St. William, which was developed into a fleur-de-lis. It is indeed, I think, the "S" of St. William. H. Robinson of Pall Mall, whose property this chart once was, for certain of the details recorded here.



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Janet Jevons

POPULAR FAVOURITES AFTER A DANCE

A REFRESHING PICTURE OF
MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND MR. RONALD SQUIRE

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN architecture the vogue of the ugly hits the public harder than it does in other arts. One can generally avoid painful pictures, repulsive statues, or brazen discords in music; but it is not always convenient to make a détour in order to escape an eyesore that lifts its horrid bulk to heaven. Personally, I am not averse from innovation, as long as it is genuine and reasonable, but I object to anything that savours of insincerity or affectation. On such matters I find myself in complete accord with the opinions ably and entertainingly expressed by an eminent architect in "MODERNISMUS." By Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., F.S.A., Litt.D., Hon. Fellow of Exeter College. With eight Illustrations (Macmillan; 6s.). The author does not restrict himself to his own art, but deals faithfully also with sculpture and painting, music, poetry, and literature in general. Taking as his text a line from "The Clouds" of Aristophanes—

Chaos is king, having abolished Zeus,

Sir Reginald champions traditionalism against modernism, which, if unchecked, he suggests, will end in the bankruptcy of Literature and the Arts. "Since the war," he says, "Modernism, or 'Modernismus,' as it should be called on the German precedent, has invaded this country like an epidemic."

In this compact little book, which I hope will be widely read, Sir Reginald has put the case for common sense in aesthetics with admirable wit, good humour, and cogency. In criticising opponents, he is witty without being offensive and sarcastic without being bitter. There is throughout a delightful spirit of raillery and of urbanity based on wide reading and knowledge of the world. On serious points, however, such as "the vital questions of purpose, efficiency, and beauty" in architecture, he is relentless in the exposure of wrong-headed notions. Thus, regarding the modernist's cardinal tenet of "functionalism," he writes: "Efficiency may be perfect and yet the result very far from beautiful; and it seems to me that this most mischievous fallacy . . . lies at the root of the New Architecture and confuses that Art with the applied science of Engineering, the scope of which is wholly utilitarian." At the same time, he is fair to his opponents. "One must admit," he writes, "that in its effort at simplification, its dismissal of meaningless ornament and contempt for prettiness . . . the New Architecture is right in principle." Touching later, in this connection, on the irrelevancies of the "Gothic revival," he says: "I refer more particularly to Ruskin and Morris, men of incontestable genius but uneven judgment, who constantly translated architecture into terms of socialism and craftsmanship."

This brings me to a new volume in that useful little biographical series—Great Lives; namely, "WILLIAM MORRIS." By Montague Weekley (Duckworth; 2s.). The book arrives opportunely in this year of the Morris centenary. "Morris," writes the author, "had read *Modern Painters* before he came up to Oxford; *The Stones of Venice* was published in 1853, during his first year at Exeter, and the noble chapter on 'The Nature of Gothic' coloured his whole outlook on life; to him it became a gospel of final truth and wisdom." Among other new volumes in the same series, we have received "VAN GOGH," by Peter Burra; "BYRON," by Peter Quennell; "JANE AUSTEN," by Guy Rawlence; "STRINDBERG," by G. A. Campbell; "BACH," by Esther Meynell; and "CHOPIN," by Basil Maine (Duckworth; 2s. each). These "Great Lives" in little books are excellent examples of *multum in parvo*.

From Sir Reginald Blomfield's book, again, I get a lead in a different direction. Having caught two advocates of modernist painting contradicting each other, he writes: "Perhaps Professor Roger Fry will explain from his chair at Cambridge." So I turn to a book which expresses much of that famous critic's artistic faith—namely, "REFLECTIONS ON BRITISH PAINTING." By Roger Fry. With sixty-six Illustrations (Faber; 7s. 6d.). This book embodies the author's recent lectures to members of the National Art Collections Fund on the Exhibition of British Art at Burlington House, and is consequently an important, if somewhat belated, addition to the literature thereby evoked. British art, he declares, must be admitted to be "a minor school," and, though intensely interesting, not altogether worthy of our civilisation. Among the causes of its inadequacy he counts the snobbish tendency in our social world to echo ready-made opinion. "The great danger to art of the nineteenth century," he says, "was Philistinism. . . . Its counterpart to-day is snobbism, the willingness to accept the dogmas of the *élite*."

Architectural criticism, and historical studies of "the mistress art" (as Sir Reginald Blomfield has called it) in various lands and periods, have produced of late a prolific literary crop. For illustration purposes there are obvious virtues in the "ample page," for the larger the book, the better can the beauty and detail of buildings be displayed.

From this point of view, pre-eminence belongs to a work of almost monumental proportions entitled "EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ARCHITECTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA." By G. E. Pearse, A.R.I.B.A., Professor of Architecture in the University of the Witwatersrand. With 113 Plates and thirty-six Illustrations in the Text (Batsford; £2 10s.). This sumptuous volume does more than justice to the charm of old-world Dutch mansions and estates in Cape Colony. In his accompanying commentary, the author traces the conditions—historical, social, political, geological, and climatic—under which that early South African architecture was evolved. Now that South Africa is so much to the fore as "a land of promise" for new settlers, and as a paradise for the traveller, the sportsman, and the holiday-maker, this magnificent book should make a wide appeal. As a work of erudition, it will take its due place among the historical records of South Africa.

For students of an earlier past, another book of outstanding value is "BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION." By J. Arnott Hamilton, Ph.D., sometime Member of the British School at Athens (Batsford; 18s.). This is a new volume in the Historical Architecture Library, beautifully and lavishly illustrated, with a coloured frontispiece (the interior of St. Sophia), seventy-one plates, and

There is an incidental reference to the Christian wall mosaics in St. Sophia (illustrated in our pages a few months ago), long hidden beneath gilding since the Turks took Constantinople in 1453, but lately revealed by permission of the more tolerant régime in modern Turkey. I notice also, among the illustrations, an early Christian mosaic pavement representing Alexandria, from Jerash, in Palestine, which has likewise been reproduced in *The Illustrated London News*. In a book designed "for general readers," it might have been well to mention the fact (whence Byzantine art derives its name) that Constantinople was superposed on the ancient city of Byzantium. It is not safe to credit the modern public with too much classical knowledge.

There are strong links, social and religious as well as artistic, between the subject of Dr. Hamilton's book and that of another, likewise remarkable for a wealth of beautiful illustrations—"RUSSIAN MEDIEVAL ARCHITECTURE." With an Account of the Transcaucasian Styles and Their Influence in the West. By David Roden Buxton. With 108 pages of Plates (Cambridge University Press; 25s.). Here we read, concerning the relations between Kiev and Constantinople in the ninth century: "The conversion of Russia to the Greek Orthodox faith . . . was the most powerful factor making for the isolation of Russia from Western Europe throughout the Middle Ages . . . and it determined the whole course of development of Russia's art and architecture." On the pictorial side, this volume is fascinating, since the buildings illustrated are so picturesque and so unlike those with which we are familiar.

The author's historical and descriptive chapters likewise have the attraction of freshness. A brief remark about his adventures in obtaining material suggest that they themselves deserve preservation as a tale of travel.

I come now to a book that is probably unique in method and character, and has unhappily a tragic interest, as being the posthumous work of a young student of architecture who, in the opinion of Sir Edwin Lutyens and others who knew him, had given promise of a brilliant future. Its title is "ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE." Prehistoric—Egyptian—Western Asian—Greek and Roman. A Commentary in Verse. Written and Devised by Chester H. Jones, M.A., F.S.A. With Illustrations and Decorations by the Author (Batsford; 15s.). The author's choice of verse as a medium for architectural history and criticism puzzled some of his colleagues. He seems to have begun it for amusement and gradually added to it as the fancy took him. The verse has no pretensions to poetry, but it forms a clear and concise record. Far more striking are the many delightful drawings and decorative maps, which prove him an artist of great ability. He has also compiled extensive tabular information, including chronological charts and a glossary. In his introduction (not metrical) he gives what he suggests may be "the shortest History of Architecture on record."

Architecture and other arts, particularly relief sculpture, are approached in a more poetic spirit, albeit embodied in prose, in "STONES OF RIMINI." By Adrian Stokes. With forty-eight Plates (Faber; 12s. 6d.). The author reveals an intimate knowledge of Mediterranean lands, and an insight, born of experience, into the essence of art. Explaining his purpose, he says: "So far as this book has any aim wider than to interpret the Tempio reliefs, it is as a symptom of altered culture. To-day, and not before, do we commence to emerge from the Stone Age: that is to say, for the first time on so vast a scale throughout Europe does hewn stone give place to plastic materials." Later, in reference to modern methods of building, he amplifies the same idea: "To-day stone architecture is dying. . . . Architecture . . . in the most fundamental sense of the word, will cease to exist. Building becomes a plastic art pure and simple."

The last-mentioned author's name crops up in a little book conceived in a different spirit—that of light irony thinly veiling a serious intention—and provocatively entitled "GHOSTLY GOOD TASTE": or, A Depressing Story of the Rise and Fall of English Architecture. By John Betjeman (Chapman and Hall; 5s.). Setting forth his argument, the author writes: "I believe it is Adrian Stokes who says that when art criticism is rampant, art is moribund. . . . This book is written for two reasons. Primarily to dissuade the average man from the belief that he knows nothing about architecture, and secondly to dissuade the average architect from continuing in his profession. . . . To-day with regard to architecture the average man is a fool and the average architect is a snob." The book is a candid expression of the younger generation's view of English architecture, from an independent standpoint. It contains a folding panorama, by Peter Fleetwood-Hesketh, showing styles of successive periods. The average man cannot make much of architectural controversy without plenty of contrasted illustrations showing what the critic approves and disapproves. C. E. B.



EMBODYING THE FINEST DELINEATION OF ASIA THAT HAD BEEN SEEN UP TO THE TIME OF ITS MAKING: THE CATALAN WORLD MAP OF THE R. BIBLIOTECA ESTENSE AT MODENA.—1375.

The Catalan World Map of the R. Biblioteca Estense at Modena was made in 1375, and is the earliest known production of the Catalan school of cartography, although it would be unreasonable to suppose that it is the first World Map of that provenance. Indeed, as is pointed out by Mr. George H. Kimble: "The evidence of the map itself is against such an assumption; for its wealth of accurate description, and its technique, which is unapproached in earlier works, lead us to suppose that we are dealing with the work of an experienced cartographer. . . . The Catalan Map of 1375 has the finest delineation of Asia the world had seen up to that time. In the recognisable peninsular form which it gives to India, in its knowledge of the Far East, as also in its acquaintance with the Sudan, this map is surpassed in the map annals of the Middle Ages only by the Fra Mauro planisphere of 1459." Obviously, we are unable to discuss here the many most interesting details concerning it. They are given in the Memoir by Mr. Kimble which is published with it by the Royal Geographical Society, Kensington Gore, S.W.7. It should be added that the reproductions of the manuscript map itself are in four sheets; each splendidly reproduced in colours, and measuring 27 by 27 inches, with engraved surface of 23½ inches by 23½ inches.

The reproductions and the Memoir sell for two guineas net.

forty-seven textual plans and drawings. Dr. Hamilton dwells mainly, of course, on the glories of Constantinople and especially of that "incomparable building," Santa Sophia; but he also treats fully the spread of Byzantine architecture in Asia Minor and Europe, especially Italy, Greece, the Balkan countries, and Russia. A special explanatory chapter is devoted to the constructional form of the Byzantine church.

ISLANDERS TO BECOME INDEPENDENT OF THE U.S.A.? HEAD-

HUNTING AND TERRACE CULTIVATION IN THE PHILIPPINES.



WITH A ROW OF BASKETS SLUNG FROM A BEAM BENEATH THE HUT TO RECEIVE THE HEADS OF HIS ENEMIES: THE PYRAMIDAL AND RAT-PROOF HOME OF AN IFUGAO HEAD-HUNTER.

THE amended Bill providing for the ultimate independence of the Philippine Islands, which, with a population of some twelve million, form the only considerable possession of the United States outside America, passed the House of Representatives on March 19, without a division. There was little doubt that it would pass the Senate with equal ease, and become law. The Bill will bring about the independence of the islands far sooner than the original Bill, strongly opposed by Mr. Hoover in January of last year, would have done, since it makes no provision for the originally contemplated ten-year period of intermediate government under an American High Commissioner. According to the "Times," the present measure provides "that after the new Constitution has been approved by the Philippine Convention and found by the President of the United States to be conformable with the present Act, certain procedure shall be adopted, beginning with a popular plebiscite in the archipelago, which within a year might involve the transfer of government to a new and entirely Filipino dispensation. . . . On July 4 next, after the inauguration of the new Philippine Government, the President of the United States shall surrender all rights of possession or sovereignty over the territory and people of the archipelago. . . ."

(Continued on right.)



"DOGS, DOGS FOR SALE! NICE DOGS, EXCELLENT MEAT! COME BUY DOGS, DOGS, DOGS!" : A DOG-MARKET AMONG THE IFUGAO, WHO LOVE DOG MEAT, AND CONSIDER IT BETTER STILL IF THE ANIMAL HAS BEEN KILLED SLOWLY BY TORTURE.



THE STRANGE FUNERARY CUSTOMS OF THE IFUGAO: A DEAD MAN ARRANGED IN A SITTING POSITION BEFORE HIS HUT, AND EXPOSED FOR TWENTY-FOUR DAYS BEFORE BURIAL.



WITH AN ENEMY'S SEVERED HEAD FIXED BETWEEN A BUFFALO'S HORNS ON THE TOP OF AN UPRIGHT ROD; AN IFUGAO PRIEST IN A TRANCE BENEATH THE TROPHY, AND TRIBESMEN CLUSTERED ROUND HIM.



THE WONDERFUL STONE-WALL TERRACE CULTIVATION OF RICE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF LUZON: A VAST IRRIGATION SYSTEM WHICH COVERS EVERY INCH OF THE HILL-SIDES, CONSTRUCTED CENTURIES AGO FROM THE STONE OF THE VALLEYS BY THE ANCESTORS OF THE PRESENT INHABITANTS.

(Continued.) The President is also requested to negotiate for the "perpetual neutralisation" of the islands as soon as possible; and it is understood that the Japanese Government will be ready to participate in a guarantee of such neutrality. The United States and the Philippine Islands will negotiate, after the declaration of independence, on questions of naval reservations and fuelling stations. In view of these events, our photographs of the Ifugao tribe of Luzon, the biggest island of the archipelago, are of particular interest. There is a large number of ethnographic groups in the islands, and the Ifugao are representative of an important section, the pagan Malays. It is not unfair, therefore, to consider them typical of a considerable element in the Filipino population. From the material point of view, Ifugao culture is a relatively high one, apparently imported from South China. The people are

(Continued opposite.)



ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD: RICE TERRACES IN LUZON—AN INCOMPARABLE SIGHT, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE SETTING SUN LIGHTS UP EACH TERRACE WITH A DIFFERENT COLOUR.

remarkable for their wooden, pyramidal, rat-proof houses, their clan type of social organisation and ancestor worship, and their private ownership of real property. Most striking of all, however, are their stone-walled terraces, which accompany the most elaborate irrigation system in the world, and, for the sheer immensity of labour entailed, rival, if they do not surpass, the Great Wall of China. These terraces were built in remote antiquity by the ancestors of the present inhabitants, who, it is said, have not added a wall for several centuries at least. The head-hunting predilections of the Ifugao, associated with the eating of the victim's brains, do not spring from mere brutality, but from the belief in a material soul located in the head. The greater the stock of soul matter belonging to a community, the greater the fertility of man, cattle, and rice-crop.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

BURNET-MOTHS: NATIVE EXAMPLES OF WARNING COLORATION.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

LAST summer, the six-spot burnet-moth might be said to have "swarmed" in my paddock. They found a continual feast on patches of knapweed. Their rich crimson-splashed wings and darting flight forced themselves on my attention and set me thinking. I caught some, and, going over the drawers

wings in the face of all and every insect-eater in the neighbourhood. And this behaviour we may attribute to the fact that they are "warningly coloured," red and black, and yellow and black, or white and black, in various strongly contrasting stripes or patches, being common types of warning coloration.

And it is worth noting that there is another British moth, the cinnabar, which has a curiously similar coloration to that of the burnet-moths, though the two are in no way related. But the cinnabar has much broader and rounder wings, and has a long, narrow crimson stripe along the front edge of the fore-wing, and two spots, one above the other, on its outer border.

With this coloration one would have expected to find habits like those of the burnet-moths: that is to say, a predilection for disporting itself in the sunlight. Yet, as a matter of fact, its usual time of flight is in the evening, and it moves comparatively slowly. And here we are faced with curiously contradictory behaviour. For this insect, which avoids the sunlight, is easily attracted by artificial light at night, and has even been taken at street-lamps in towns far from its natural haunts. What

so "yellow" burnets are to be regarded as cases of arrested development.

We can by no means easily explain the variation in the number of the spots of the six-spot burnet. Some authorities are content to regard them as mere "spots." They may be. And they may, in part, be associated with differences of environment, and especially of soil. A chalky soil, for example, may influence coloration in one direction, while sandy or marshy ground may produce yet other effects, due, not directly to the soil, but rather to the effect of this on the food-plant. But others are of the opinion that many of these "aberrations" or departures



1. A GARISHLY MARKED BRITISH MOTH, WHICH, UNLIKE MOST MOTHS, REVELS IN SUNLIGHT: THE SIX-SPOT BURNET (*ZYGÆNA FILIPENDULA*), WHOSE SIX CRIMSON SPOTS ON EACH OF ITS FRONT WINGS SERVE AS A WARNING OF ITS NAUSEATING TASTE TO HUNGRY BIRDS.

The great size of the antennæ contrasts strongly with their feeble development in the Cinnabar, which the Six-spot Burnet somewhat resembles—though the two are not related. When at rest, the wings of the Burnet lie folded on each side of the body; not horizontally, as is the rule with the moths.

in my cabinet the other day, the memory of those almost tropical weeks contrasted strongly with the cold, bleak day I was looking out on. It was a day which gave to my study fire-side a sense of delicious enjoyment, and enabled me to spend some happy hours with my "six-spot burnets." For they are no mere "specimens." They are, indeed, among the most interesting of our native moths.

As I looked at them, one of the first of many questions they started concerned the name of this tribe. Why "burnet-moth"? It seems to me that, as the "six-spot" is the commonest of our seven species, it was probably taken by the earliest of our entomologists in localities where the chalk-loving salad-burnet (*Poterium sanguisorba*) was flourishing. This plant, it may be mentioned, when growing on the right soil, is much to the taste of cattle, and it was also highly esteemed by our forefathers from at least the time of Queen Elizabeth. Its leaves were used in salads—hence the name "salad-burnet," their flavour being that of the cucumber.

Hence, then, it is not surprising to find that the moths found these flowers yielding nectar to their liking. And the plant, having already an established reputation, gave its name to the "burnet" moths. As a rule, moths are creatures of the night. But the burnet-moths are an exception to that rule. They positively revel in the sunlight, and fold their wings and sulk if the day be cloudy, or even if the sun be, for a short space, obscured by clouds.

But there is more in this than meets the eye at first sight. They seem to flaunt the flaming carmine of their

can be the meaning of these strange wanderings? One might also ask: what advantage can it derive from its warning coloration, since this would lose most, if not all, its effectiveness at night? As a matter of fact, this seemingly useless mantle of protection is, if possible, of even more value to the cinnabar than to the burnets, for, as I have said, it is slow on the wing. Now, its natural haunts are waste grounds, sandy heaths, and downs—all situations affording little cover to an insect disturbed during the day. And so, when flight becomes imperative, its vivid contrasts of black and red serve to warn its natural enemies at the earliest possible moment that their prospective prey had better be left untouched, since it will prove nauseating rather than nice! It is, in short, of even more value to the cinnabar than

to the burnets, for these fly swiftly, and would be more difficult to capture.

And now let us return to the six-spot burnet, and the species allied thereto. In the first place, be it noted, the "six-spot" presents numerous variations in regard to its coloration. These are chiefly concerned with the spots, for they vary in size, and seem to have a tendency to merge. But there are also variations in the intensity of the crimson hue. In some cases, indeed, the crimson is replaced by yellow, and the ground colour of the fore-wings, from almost black, becomes dark-green. The replacement of red by yellow is found in many different kinds of animals. We can explain this by the fact that yellow precedes red, in the course of development from the immature to the adult stages, in a number of different animals. And



2. THE CATERPILLAR AND THE CURIOUS CHRYSALIS OF THE SIX-SPOT BURNET: A CATERPILLAR WHICH DOES NOT PUPATE IN THE NAKED BROWN SHELL COMMON IN MOTHS, BUT SPINS A KIND OF SILKEN BAG ATTACHED TO A STALK.

from the normal coloration are due to hybridisation with at least two other closely allied species—the "five-spot" (*Z. trifolii*) and the narrow-bordered five-spot (*Z. lornicera*), and this may well be the case.

Having regard to the broad resemblance between the cinnabar and burnet moths, in their adult stages, one would almost have expected to find a similar general resemblance in their respective caterpillars. But this is not so. In the burnets they may be described as yellow, with black markings, but less vivid than in the cinnabar caterpillars. In these, strong bands of black and yellow catch the eye at once. But they feed in dense crowds on ragwort, and this football-blazer type of coloration warns their would-be enemies to leave them severely alone.

There are many other points about the six-spot burnet I would fain dwell on. But I must be content now with one only. This concerns the chrysalis. With moths, as a rule, this takes the form of a naked, brown shell, formed after the caterpillar has buried itself. But the burnet-moths have a way of their own, the caterpillar, before the hard chrysalis shell is formed, spinning for itself a kind of silken bag attached to some convenient stalk; thus forming an interesting comparison with the chrysalis of the swallow-tail butterfly, which is fully exposed, and attached only by its hinder end, and partly suspended by a silken girdle round the middle of the body, attached at each end to a stalk of the food-plant.



3. THE CHRYSALIS OF THE SWALLOW-TAILED BUTTERFLY, WHICH FORMS AN INTERESTING CONTRAST TO THAT OF THE BURNET-MOTH: A HARD SHELL ATTACHED ONLY BY ITS HINDER EXTREMITY TO A STALK; WITH A SILKEN GIRDLE WHICH THE CATERPILLAR SPINS ROUND THE HEAD END, TO PREVENT THE CHRYSALIS FROM BLOWING ABOUT AND BECOMING DETACHED.

AN AMAZING PHOTOGRAPH: THREE SALMON LEAP A WATERFALL TOGETHER.

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LIKE AIR TORPEDOES IN FLIGHT: A TRIO OF BIG SALMON LEAPING THE WILLAMETTE FALLS, OREGON, ON THEIR WAY UPSTREAM BACK TO THE SPAWNING GROUNDS THEY HAD LEFT YEARS BEFORE.

This very remarkable and probably unique photograph of three large salmon leaping simultaneously over a thunderous cascade, on their way upstream, accompanies an interesting article by Mr. Amos Burg in the February number of "The National Geographic Magazine," under the title "A Native Son's Rambles in Oregon." Describing this photograph, he writes: "With unerring instinct, the salmon fight their way back to the spawning grounds they left as fingerlings years before. They leap, as if they were propelled by steel springs, up the fishway at

Willamette Falls, a horse-shoe-shaped cataract formed by ancient lava flows." Only part of the waterfall, which is of wide extent, is visible in the illustration. The Willamette is an important tributary of the Columbia River. Elsewhere Mr. Burg says: "These falls have long been famous for their salmon fisheries. A few hundred yards below their base, hundreds of fishermen, mostly from surrounding communities, were trolling for one of the powerful 40-pound chinooks that congregate here before leaping this final barrier to spawning water."

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

MARGUERITE STEEN has been one of the novelists who count for some time, and in her new book, "Matador," she takes another stride forward. It is brilliant, both in writing and in its studies of Spanish character. Nothing escapes her, neither the dust scurrying in the wind and sunlight in Granada, nor the valour and grace of the matadors, and the obscenities that are hidden from the public behind the ring. Don José, the Matador, is superb. His avarice and vanity possess him. He is not a happy man. His active career is over, though clouds of glory hang above him. His intense desire is to see his eldest son, Pepe, share his honour. One of his younger sons is a hunchback, and the other is a hypersensitive who will never make a matador. To secure an heiress for Pepe, Don José pits himself against an old woman of the aristocracy. They manoeuvre for position; each of them is crafty and crooked and has something to conceal. Pilar, the granddaughter of Doña Mercedes and the object of the negotiations, is a virgin mystic, who is imprisoned in the gloom and cobwebs of the miserable old woman's house. Pepe comes to a tragic end in the bull-ring, and his brothers turn Marxist Republican and desert their father. The epilogue leaves the matador subdued, bewildered by his misfortunes, and leaning upon Pilar, whom he has adopted. There is a note of beauty that sounds continuously through the clash of "Matador," and it is sustained to the end.

"Radetzky March" is the story of how the Trottas of three generations lived and died in the long reign of the Emperor Franz Joseph. Joseph Roth tells it with a certain irony. The Trottas were not an old family. The first of them to win distinction had the fortune to push the Emperor—none too gently—out of the line of a bullet at Solferino. He was decorated and ennobled, and admitted to the Imperial favour. His narrow simplicity was not corrupted; and his fury was unbounded when an extravagant legend of heroism was thrust upon him. His son and grandson in turn participated in the small social and garrison life of their period; they are figures in the foreground of a panorama of the old Austria. Carl Joseph, a young man in 1914, was an idealist. He drifted eventually to a muddled, unnoticed death of sacrifice in the early days of the war. His old father died at the same time as the Emperor. "I think perhaps," said the family doctor, unwittingly composing the epitaph of the two old men, "they could neither of them survive Austria." This is a fine book.

Panteleimon Romanof's power lies in his gift of crystal-line observation. It is a great gift, expressed without a superfluous word. Take, for example, the last sentence in the title-story, "On the Volga." The situation is one of pure tragedy. A young girl is being taken to her place of execution by a firing-party. She is rowed over to the island in the river. "Do you catch the scent of the spring waters?" she says to the officer in charge. They land; he leaves the soldiers behind with the boat. He tells her to precede him along a narrow path. Twice he puts his hand to the holster, and draws it away again. Only at the third attempt, when she is looking up at the evening sky, does he bring himself to his purpose. He shoots her in the back of the neck. "They buried her in the sand, and as they were returning the night fell. . . . Everything was as before, but in the bows of the boat there was a strange, unnatural emptiness." Such is the art of Panteleimon Romanof, an art that comes to us from Soviet Russia.

"After Such Pleasures" is witty—very, very witty, with a diamond-hard polish on it. It would be flattering Dorothy Parker's New Yorkers to call them wicked. They are worldly to the marrow of their bones; but that is because they know no better. They are lost in the jungle of apartment-house conventionality. "After Such Pleasures"

is exceedingly amusing to read. The afterthought it leaves is that the spectacle of these pleasure-seekers ought not, somehow, to be as funny as Miss Parker makes it. All the same, the book is to be recommended, and in particular the duologue of "Here We Are," which is an electrifying reproduction of the conversation of a newly-married couple on the honeymoon train.

George Heriot in Frederick Niven's "Triumph" is a music-master in the capital of a South American republic, where his wife aspires to be a leader of the foreign colony. But George, a true musician, is a poor hand at the game of getting on, being neither strictly sober nor astutely corruptible. He loses his work and falls into disgrace, and the competent Gertrude takes over the direction of their affairs. She had already ordained they should go back to Glasgow; and so we have South America and Scotland described by Mr. Niven in succession, with his accustomed distinguished facility. It is regrettable that George fades out of the picture soon after they arrive; he is a lovable creature, and Gertrude is not. Their son David grows up to be a successful musician, and to complete the fragment of his father's "Sonata Salvador." There, far otherwise than she had dreamed of it, is her triumph for Gertrude, embittered by the "buts" and "ifs" that are the beginning of under-

and their rejection of the accepted order is too spectacular. And they talk—how they talk! One says, with a deliberate lightness, "Father doesn't altogether agree, I believe, that people should have things all that much simplified for them," and another replies, "Certainly I think there are drawbacks to infinite elasticity in the marriage laws." And so on and so on, with heart-searchings and high-flown haverings. The sincerity of K. Farrar Picken is not to be gainsaid; but after nearly three hundred pages of her lovers one's fancy turns to Romeo and Juliet, who also took passionate decisions, and who did it in a fraction of the time.

You will not find emotional excess in H. E. Bates's "The Woman Who Had Imagination," a collection of short stories that should on no account be overlooked. They are models of their kind, the ranging kind, where plumbing the depths of human misery goes hand in hand with relish for a cheerful rogue. The level excellence of Mr. Bates's style makes it immaterial whether his young men are proceeding upstream in a Rhine steamer, or his old woman is gleaming desperately, or Uncle Silas is dying with his wicked and triumphant smile flickering at the arch-enemy. The stamp of pure gold is on them all.

With five detective stories to hand, it is well to find liveliness distinguishing two of them. "Death at the Opera," by

Gladys Mitchell, is not death at the opera as you or I would mean it, but at an amateur performance of "The Mikado" at a Co-Ed. school. The star character is Mrs. Bradley, an old lady with the amiable smile of a sleepy python, who is a nerve specialist of uncommon parts, and has been invited to the school to winnow the suspects. A word about the manner of the death. The victim's head had been pushed under water while a cut on her cheek was being bathed, she sitting on a chair at the fixed basin. There were no signs of a struggle; and the slayer was a feeble person. Could it be done? It is a question to put to one's hairdresser, if there were not a certain delicacy about it. But whether or no, "Death at the Opera" is a capital story. So is "Ebenezer Investigates." Ebenezer was a country vicar. He was less vicar than ardent criminologist, and the brutal murder of one of his parishioners played fairly into his hands. The identity of the murderer is cleverly hidden, and yet so obvious when Nicholas Brady lets you know it.

"12.30 from Croydon" is a standard Freeman Wills Crofts, a well-thought-out mystery, but too amply padded and ponderous. "The Ghost Party," by Henrietta Clandon, is a lesson to people not to be frivolous about ghosts in mixed company. Violent death may be hiding in the haunted house. "The Pleasure Cruise Mystery," by Robin Forsythe, hinges on a living person being carried on board a liner, in a trunk, into a cabin. If you can swallow that, you can swallow the rest of this highly improbable yarn.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Matador. By Marguerite Steen. (Gollancz; 8s.)
 Radetzky March. By Joseph Roth. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
 On the Volga. By Panteleimon Romanof. (Benn; 7s. 6d.)
 After Such Pleasures. By Dorothy Parker. (Longmans; 6s.)
 Triumph. By Frederick Niven. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
 The Queen's Wigs. By Naomi Royde-Smith. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
 Who Called Men Free? By K. Farrar Picken. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)
 The Woman Who Had Imagination. By H. E. Bates. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
 Death at the Opera. By Gladys Mitchell. (Grayson; 7s. 6d.)
 Ebenezer Investigates. By Nicholas Brady. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)
 12.30 from Croydon. By Freeman Wills Crofts. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
 The Ghost Party. By Henrietta Clandon. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)
 The Pleasure Cruise Mystery. By Robin Forsythe. (Dodley Head; 7s. 6d.)



EASTER LILIES FOR GREAT BRITAIN GROWN ON A CORAL ISLAND: PICKING THE FLOWERS IN THE BERMUDAS. Easter lilies for export are cultivated in enormous numbers in Bermuda. They grow close down to the water's edge and, when they are in full bloom provide an unforgettable sight. Incidentally, the flowers reach perfection thanks to excellent climatic conditions: Bermuda's spring climate, in particular, is delightful.—[Photograph by Walter Rutherford, Bermuda.]

standing. "Triumph" gives their full value to the spiritual issues in George's life, and in Gertrude's. It is a sad book, but not wholly sad. If triumph is a mirage, we still have David with his genius unfolding; and if George is dead, something sprung from his heart lives on in the "Sonata Salvador."

"The Queen's Wigs" is a romance in a Ruritanian kingdom. It is a charming and original fantasy. It looks as if it had grown out of the speculations that beset the traveller when an express stops capriciously at an obscure station and a stray passenger descends. We know that Naomi Royde-Smith meditates in railway trains. Rozel Haverford-Merton—pretty, English, seventeen—was dropped from the trans-European express on to a snow-spangled platform, with the pine forest clinging to the mountain-side behind it. The little Customs House looked like the witch's sugar-candy house in "Hansel and Gretel." That was Rozel's introduction to a fairy-tale adventure in modern dress. It is not for us to give away the plot; the Queen and her wigs must tell their own story. This much may be said; if Rozel had her day-dreams—and what youthful junior mistress in a high-class boarding-school has not?—they were delightfully fulfilled by her transportation to Irolya, and everything that happened to her there. To follow Rozel through her experiences is to enjoy a very handsome entertainment.

The English family in "Who Called Men Free?" is out of drawing. Its younger members are too intense,

OUR AMATEUR POLITICIANS: A FIFTH BLAMPIED SERIES.

Drawings Specially Made for "The Illustrated London News" by EDMUND BLAMPIED.



"LIBERALS AT PLAY."



"GO 'OME, MISTER—I GOT 'A COUPLE O' ORPINTONS BETTER'N YOU FOR PAWLIAMENT—AN' CHAMPION AT ALL-NIGHT SITTING."

We have already given our readers four series of drawings by that eminent modern artist, Edmund Blampied. On this page are seen the fifth and sixth drawings in our new series, which deals with politics and amateur politicians in a spirit

of friendly satire. This was interrupted last week, when we gave a drawing specially made by the artist of the crowd at the Boat Race. The leisure of supporters of the great middle-class party and the humorous heckler are here seen.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE THEATRES AT EASTER: WHERE SHALL WE GO?

WHERE shall we go? That question is sure to be put while we are looking down the list of plays: the answer must be determined by personal predilections and tastes. Do we want to laugh? It is good to laugh sometimes, and the revival of P. G. Wodehouse's farce, "Good-Morning, Bill," at Daly's, ensures it. For this is pure nonsense elaborated by felicitously inane characters, with Mr. Laurence Grossmith leading the team. He is, indeed, ridiculously entertaining as the extravagant of a peer, and Mr. Peter Haddon bears him admirable company as the absurdly pathetic Bill. Then, at the Saville, in his gay musical show, Mr. George Robey reveals what a superb comedian he is. Watch him with his walking-stick; watch him turn a sober game of whist into a game of snap; listen to his amusing and characteristic patter. His personality embraces the whole house and keeps it rocking.

At the Ambassadors we see Wycherley's "Country Wife," and if we accept it in a farcical convention we can overlook the ribaldry and appraise the style; for it has a redeeming sparkle and, while it is indecorous, it is not corrupt. It affords scope for the players, who can give point to the phrase and liveliness to the stratagem. Well played and well produced, this Restoration piece is full of entertainment. "Laburnum Grove," at the Duchess, has the merits of character, with Mr. Edmund Gwenn richly employed. Its homely humour is refreshing, and its last act full of sharp surprise. Mr. J. B. Priestley has the knack of writing for the stage. "The Old Folks at Home," at the Queen's, is bitter in its satiric comment, brilliantly devised; and in Miss Marie Tempest's performance we have perfect comedy. She has never had a better part, and that in itself is sufficient commendation. At the Comedy we have a first play, "First Episode"; frisky and bubbling with youthful spirits. It is a sort of tragi-comic picture of University life, and, though the play's movement can be criticised—for the accent of interest shifts with each act—there can be no denying its gusto. Sometimes it grows passing serious, but then we are not comfortable. Its farce, though tarnished with vulgarities, is uproarious. Its spontaneity and youthful vitality excuse all. As a play it fails, lacking concentration; but as entertainment it succeeds.

At His Majesty's we are amid the graces of costume; for Mélanie comes to Brighton in 1811, and Mr. Noel Coward

makes Mlle. Yvonne Printemps the centre of his decoration. It is an anecdote, slender enough, concerning the pursuit of a rich husband whilst, meanwhile, Mélanie "followed her secret heart." This is a musical piece set in such an attractive picture, with such mockery and glamour to enhance it—it is all so charming, so light, so tuneful, so gracefully romantic, and Mlle. Printemps is so captivating—

read. But there is one play that I recommend with confidence to all tastes—to those who find delights in the theatre at its best. Spectacle such as "The Golden Toy," at the Coliseum, only leaves us interested in the ingenuities of Mr. Ludwig Berger, who has produced such an omnibus of pictures and killed in the process both the charming fairy story and the interpreters. Comedy like

"Magnolia Street," at the Adelphi, only fills the stage with confusion; so that only here and there can we focus on a history or establish an identity. But go to Wyndham's and see "Clive of India," and see what the playwrights, Mr. W. P. Lipscomb and Mr. R. I. Minney, have re-created. This is glowing life—a portrait full of integrity, a character that commands and compels our understanding and admiration. This biography is told with fine discretion. History, though it is employed, is not falsified in spirit and the span of years is skilfully bridged. The play takes its drive from Clive's adventurous soul, and the scenes which swiftly develop truthfully reveal his nature. There is no shirking of facts; there is no idle rhetoric; there are no vacuous sentimentalities. Here is the man of action, with singleness of purpose, fighting his way against odds. The interest is never dissipated by side issues, nor are the demands of the theatre sacrificed for the details of the history-book. So we get a strong, firm outline that knits together both his private and public life and creates the sense of roundness and completeness. The narrative holds throughout and grows in intensity. All the figures



THE PLAY OF LOUIS GOLDING'S SUCCESSFUL NOVEL, "MAGNOLIA STREET," AT THE ADELPHI: TROUBLE BETWEEN JEWS AND "GOYS," WHO LIVE ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE STREET.

In our illustration, the Gentile "pub." is seen opposite the Jewish grocery store—a centre of the life of the Semitic community in Magnolia Street. Among the players of important parts are Colin Keith-Johnston, as John Cooper; Phyllis Konstam, as Rose Berman; Molley Hamley-Clifford, as Maggie Tawnie; and Anthony Quayle, as Bennie Edelman. The play has been brilliantly produced by Komisarjevsky.

that we get unqualified entertainment. "Reunion in Vienna," at the Lyric, with its narrative of the waywardness of a Hapsburg Prince, is a brittle piece, a comedy of sophistication in a resplendent setting, full of incident and sparkling dialogue and serving an admirable purpose, for it gives Miss Lynn Fontanne and Mr. Alfred Lunt, that brilliant American couple, a perfect vehicle for their delicate art—so swift, sure, and admirably concerted. Another remarkable performance is to be seen next door at the Apollo, where Miss Elisabeth Bergner, by her superb acting, makes an ordinary play, "Escape Me Never," appear to be extraordinary. Miss Margaret Kennedy's sequel to the Sanger history has this virtue: that it provides a wide range of stops for Miss Bergner to touch, and she uses them all with surpassing skill. There is a charming and fragrant piece at

the St. Martin's, and if you would see a picture of student life free from self-conscious vulgarities, touched with glowing humour, and radiated with idyllic beauty, let me call attention to "The Wind and the Rain." Miss Celia Johnson and Mr. Robert Harris play with such natural simplicity that the little story is not easily forgotten. From the Embassy "Sixteen" comes to the Criterion, and here again, in this study of adolescence, so perfectly interpreted, we discover not only a tender and gracious play, but a young actress, Miss Antoinette Cellier, who should go far. "Ten-Minute Alibi," which also came from Swiss Cottage, is a sure thing at the Haymarket if you want a first-rate thriller, full of suspense and surprise, and with enough life in its characters to make it convincing. Mr. Anthony Armstrong uses a clock, and that clock keeps attention rivetted as the ingenious plot unfolds itself. It certainly offers an exciting evening if you like this kind of play.

Back to the Royalty comes Sean O'Casey's "Within the Gates," a fierce, uncompromising work, less a play than an opus, full of significance, unusual, symbolic, unsparing, and tragic—a document that serious playgoers will wish to



WYCHERLEY'S "THE COUNTRY WIFE" REVIVED AT THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE: LESLEY WAREING AS THE COUNTRY WIFE WHO IS ONLY ALLOWED TO BE SEEN IN TOWN BY HER JEALOUS HUSBAND ON CONDITION THAT SHE DRESSES AS A BOY.

Until the present revival at the Ambassadors, "The Country Wife," Wycherley's famous comedy of manners, had not been seen in a West End theatre for two hundred years—though it was given at the Phoenix and also at the Everyman some time ago. Edmund Willard plays Pinchwife, the jealous husband; Biall Holloway, Homer, the Restoration wit; and Agnes Lauchlan, Lady Fidget.

are clearly drawn and effectively contrasted—the dry practicality of the Governor, the generous humour of the brother-in-law, the lovable, winning grace of Lady Clive. And towering over all is Clive himself. Mr. Leslie Banks's performance reincarnates him with all his dash and swagger, disarming charm, passionate fanaticism, and strength of soul. This is a Clive we can do more than accept. We can believe in him. We know that only such genius could have accomplished so much. When we add to this uniform excellence of performance the quite exceptionally good settings of Mr. Laurence Irving, providing the right background, we get a play and production that does credit to our stage—a play not only worth seeing, but worth going to see.



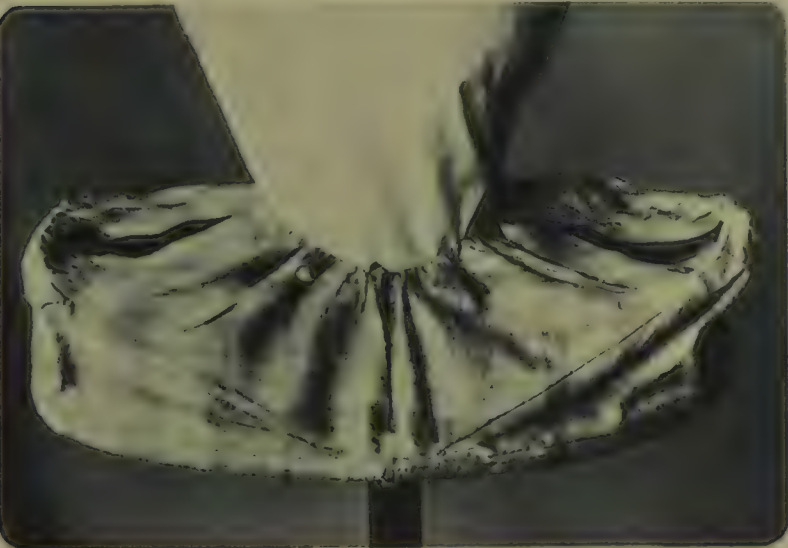
THE "DOUBLE DOOR," AT THE GLOBE: THE GROUP BEFORE THE SAFE IN WHICH ANNE HAS BEEN INCARCERATED BY VICTORIA VAN BRETT (RIGHT).

The characters are (l. to r.) Edward Mortimer (Charles Lefeaux), Dr. John Sully (Sebastian Shaw), Caroline (Christine Silver), Robert van Brett (Owen Nares), and his sister, Victoria van Brett (Sybil Thorndike). Sybil Thorndike plays the part of a tyrannical woman who ends by locking her wretched sister-in-law, Anne (Carol Goodner) in a secret safe.

QUEEN ELIZABETH IN 18TH - CENTURY WAX: THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY EFFIGY RESTORED.



AFTER RENOVATION: THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WAX EFFIGY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY AS IT NOW APPEARS SINCE IT WAS CLEANED BY EXPERTS OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PANNIER, OF RED, BLUE, AND WHITE COTTON STIFFENED WITH CANE, AND HAVING TWO SIDE CUSHIONS STUFFED WITH HAY: ANOTHER HIDDEN FEATURE OF THE EFFIGY'S DRESS.

SEVERAL of the famous wax effigies preserved at Westminster Abbey have already been cleaned by the authorities of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the same process has now been applied to the most popular of all—that of Queen Elizabeth. It is not the original effigy carried at her funeral in the Abbey on April 28, 1603, and visible in a contemporary coloured pictorial representation thereof preserved in the British Museum. George Vertue, the engraver and antiquary, who saw this first effigy in 1728, mentions that the head was "cut in wood, a little wrinkley her face." Regarding the figure here illustrated, Mr. Lawrence E. Tanner, F.S.A., Keeper of the Abbey Muniments, writes (in "The Times"): "In June, 1760, the bicentenary of Queen Elizabeth's foundation of the College of St. Peter's was celebrated at the Abbey. A Chapter Minute of June 3, 1760, records that 'the Gentlemen of the choir having requested Leave that they may set up a waxen Effigy of Queen Elizabeth within the Tombs at their own expense, the said Request was agreed to,' and the present effigy, which cost £56-2-3, is the result. It has always been an Abbey tradition that parts of the old figure, and especially the head, were utilised for the new effigy. Vertue's testimony, however, that the original head was of wood, rules out the present wax head. . . . With the possible exception of the wooden legs, the figure was completely newly made in 1760. No doubt the head was modelled from the tomb effigy in the Abbey. The two most interesting features of the figure are concealed from view. Underneath the embroidered petticoat or skirt of red satin is a genuine eighteenth-century pannier of red, blue, and white check cotton, stiffened with cane and having cushions of the same material stuffed with hay. There is also an eighteenth-century canvas corset, bound with wash leather and made to lace in front. The rather tawdry Royal robes are covered with a profusion of coloured glass pastes and imitation pearls. In consequence of cleaning, and with a little make-up, the pale and haggard expression has largely disappeared, and the effigy now gives a rather uncanny and pathetic representation of the Queen in her old age." Other Abbey "waxworks," similarly cleaned, were illustrated in our issues of April 22, July 1, and November 25, 1933.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. (CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CORSET OF CANVAS BOUND WITH WASH LEATHER AND MADE TO LACE IN FRONT: ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING ITEMS OF THE EFFIGY'S COSTUME, BUT CONCEALED FROM VIEW.



AFTER THE CLEANING THAT HAS MODIFIED "THE PALE AND HAGGARD EXPRESSION" OF THE FACE AND HAS PRODUCED "A RATHER UNCANNY AND PATHETIC" EFFECT: THE WAX HEAD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH IN PROFILE.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

Right. THE KING OF SIAM'S VISIT TO EUROPE: HIS MAJESTY IN HIS ROBES OF STATE ON A CEREMONIAL OCCASION IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.



The King and Queen of Siam left Bangkok in January for an extensive tour of Europe and America and are expected in England in May. They have been staying at Nice; and the Queen distinguished herself as a lawn tennis player. A photograph of her, with H. W. Austin, the British champion, was reproduced in our issue of March 10. Their Majesties' trip was primarily necessitated by the eye-trouble from which the King has been suffering for some months.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF SIAM IN EUROPEAN DRESS—PHOTOGRAPHED AT MONTE CARLO.



HOSTILITIES IN ARABIA: IBN SAUD; REPORTED TO BE FIGHTING THE IMAM OF YEMEN.

It was reported on March 22 that war had finally broken out between King Ibn Saud, the Wahibi King, and the Imam Yahya of Yemen. The treaty negotiations opened seven months previously, for the settlement of the question of the ownership of Tehama, had proved abortive. The Saudi Arabia Legation in London subsequently announced that the Crown Prince had taken the field.



AN ORIENTAL QUEEN WHO PLAYED IN TENNIS TOURNAMENTS AT MONTE CARLO: QUEEN RAMBAI BARNI OF SIAM IN THE DRESS OF HER COUNTRY.



COLONEL ARTHUR LYNCH.

Boer Colonel in South African War, 1899—1902. Later, tried for High Treason. A Colonel in the British Army during Great War. Died March 25; aged seventy-two. Also worked as a civil engineer, a journalist, and as a doctor; and was an M.P.



DR. F. A. BATHER.

Late Keeper of Geology at the British Museum (Natural History), London. Died March 20; aged seventy-one. Formerly President, Geological Society of London. Won Rolleston Prize (biological research), F.R.S., 1909.



MAJOR-GENERAL W. DUGAN.

Appointed Governor of South Australia, in succession to Brigadier-General Sir A. G. A. Hore-Ruthven. Commander of the 56th (1st London) Territorial Division, and a former A.A.G. Southern Command. Assistant-Inspector-General Training, 1918.



MR. STEPHEN MACKENNA.

The translator of Plotinus (the great Neoplatonist philosopher and mystic). Died March 8. Former newspaper correspondent in the Balkans. Returned to Ireland, determined to revive the Irish language. Completed "Enneads" in English, 1930.



MISS LILYAN TASHMAN.

The celebrated film actress. Died March 21; aged thirty-four. Formerly a Ziegfeld Follies Girl. Her screen career began in 1924. Appeared in "No, No, Nanette," "Bulldog Drummond," and "Wine, Women, and Song."



MR. GABRIEL PRICE.

M.P. (Labour) for Hemsworth (Yorkshire). Drowned, March 24, at Mirfield, Yorkshire. Was fifty-five. The son of a miner and himself a worker in the pit as a lad. Member, West Riding County Council. Had a majority of 13,742 at the 1931 Election.

It was recently announced that Miss Regina Evans would be elected Chairman for the year of the Conservative Central Council. Previous to this, Miss Evans had been Chairman of the Conservative Women's Organisation, and senior vice-chairman of the Central Council of the National Council of Conservative Associations. She also recently undertook the position of chairman of the Women's Branch of the Plais-tow Conservative Association. Last year, Miss Evans was called upon to preside at a meeting of the council when the Chairman, Sir Geoffrey Ellis, M.P., was ill; and officiated successfully.



CHAIRMAN OF THE CONSERVATIVE CENTRAL COUNCIL: MISS REGINA EVANS, WHO WAS CHAIRMAN OF THE CONSERVATIVE WOMEN'S ORGANISATION.



CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL HONOURS A MOST PHILANTHROPIC BENEFACTOR: THE MANAGING GOVERNOR OF THE HOSPITAL PRESENTING MR. J. S. ELIAS, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF ODHAMS PRESS, WITH A SILVER SALVER.

Mr. J. S. Elias, Chairman and Managing Director of Odhams Press, Ltd., was entertained at a luncheon on March 21, by the Governors of Charing Cross Hospital, in recognition of his efforts in raising funds for the New Nurses' Home at Hampstead. A distinguished company included the Bishop of London, Lord Dawson of Penn, Lord Luke, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Rev. Pat McCormick, and Sir Philip Gibbs. The Bishop of London (here seen on the left) proposed the toast to Mr. Elias, and reminded his hearers that Mr. Elias had raised over £100,000 for charities in the last few years.



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OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: CURIOSITIES FROM HOME AND OVERSEAS.



THE DELAWARE RIVER ICE-LADEN AND THIRTEEN FEET ABOVE ITS NORMAL LEVEL: THE SCENE AT TRENTON.

During the recent wild spell of wintry weather there were numerous strange scenes in the United States. Here is one of them, showing the Delaware between 13 and 14 ft. above normal. The river, it may be added, rises in south-east New York, in the Catskills, and finally expands into Delaware Bay. It becomes tidal at Trenton, the head of navigation. Its total length is 410 miles; and its drainage basin is 12,012 square miles.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE DARK WITH THE AID OF THE INFRA-RED RAYS: THE FIRST BANQUET SO TAKEN.

This photograph illustrates a new application of the Hford infra-red process. The plate was exposed in the dark, the only "light" being from infra-red rays emanating from electric lights shielded by infra-red filters. The occasion was Sir Kenneth Lee's dinner at the Dorchester on March 21, on the eve of the Research Association Conference of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. At the centre table were Mr. Runciman, Lord Rutherford, and Mr. Reginald McKenna.



A SHARK-PROOF BATHING-POOL: AN AIR VIEW OF MANLY, NEAR SYDNEY; SHOWING THE ENCLOSURE FOR SWIMMERS AND (IN THE BACKGROUND) THE FAMOUS SURFING BEACH AND LESSER BEACHES.

In our issue of February 24 we had occasion to illustrate anti-shark precautions in Sydney Harbour, and to point out that the shark is a danger to be reckoned with by those concerned with bathing on Australian beaches. Hence such precautions as the provision of steel nets, against which sharks may nose in vain. The photograph here given deals with but one of many barriers.



CONSTRUCTING THE STEEL MAST FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP CHALLENGER, "ENDEAVOUR": A RIVETTER IN ONE SECTION OF IT.

The construction of Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's "Endeavour," challenger for the "America's" Cup, began at Gosport in November, when the yacht's 80-ton lead keel was cast and the bending of her first steel frames was begun. The launch is timed April 17. When the "Endeavour" leaves for the United States in July, she will be escorted by her owner's motor-yacht, "Argosy," which was built by Krupp in 1931 for Mr. Charles A. Stone, and is capable of voyaging 6,500 miles without refuelling.



A PRESERVED WHALE HELD UP ON ITS TRAVELS: THE GREAT LORRY CONTAINING THE EXHIBIT STOPPED OUTSIDE BIRMINGHAM UNTIL MIDNIGHT, IN ORDER THAT THE CITY'S TRAFFIC MIGHT NOT BE INCONVENIENCED.

The whale, which is 75 ft. long, was caught a considerable time ago and preserved for public exhibition. It has been on show in the Kursaal at Southend-on-Sea, and when the photograph was taken it was on the way to Morecambe. At Sheldon, the police held up the lorry containing it, in order that it might not pass through the city until after midnight.



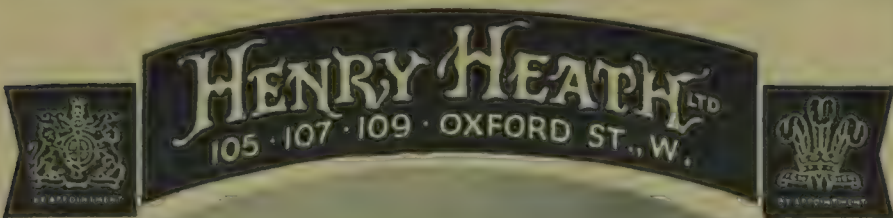
TWO BULLETS THAT MET IN MID-AIR DURING THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: THREE VIEWS. (NATURAL SIZE.)

Mr. H. Alban Anderson writes to us from Peekskill, New York: "The bullets met in mid-air during one of the last battles in the Civil War in the United States, and were impacted together. This unique relic was found on the field of operations before Richmond, Virginia, by my father, Homer Anderson, late Corporal of Company 1, 90th Ohio Volunteer Infantry."



HEN-RACING IN MEXICO: THE BIRDS READY FOR THE START—THEIR CONTROL-STRINGS HELD BY THEIR OWNERS.

A correspondent writes: "Here is a game the señoritas of Sonora, Mexico, play. It is called 'Juego de Gallina,' or 'Game of Hens.' They line up with their hens, which are trained to run a short distance. On the leg of each bird is tied a string, so that it can be kept under control and prevented from running away. A switch may be used as an additional guide, but there is no whipping."



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OUR Mrs. Grundy, whose pestilential soul still goes marching on in this and other countries, and whose mind is still obsessed by horrid visions of an apocryphal French eighteenth century, has up to the present failed to be shocked by the paintings of Chardin. She has even been known to class them



A MAGNIFICENT CHARDIN: "LA TOILETTE DU MATIN"; NOW IN THE MUSEUM AT STOCKHOLM. (49 BY 39 CM.) This picture is also known as "Le Négligé." It was engraved by Le Bas in 1741; in which year it was exhibited at the Salon in Paris.

Reproductions from "Chardin"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Les Beaux-Arts, Paris.

as "Certificate U," fit for the eyes of tender innocence and calculated to purge the mind of the grosser passions. Beyond that, a narrow, addle-headed, and interfering female can hardly be expected to go; but where she must fail, other critics, more gifted, more subtle, and more eloquent, should be able to put before the world a more or less satisfactory explanation of the immense achievement of this middle-class Frenchman. Not one of them, not even the brothers De Goncourt, quite succeed in doing that: as well analyse a Shakespeare sonnet, or dawn, the rosy-fingered, on a spring morning in the Ægean—which is another way of saying what we all know already, that, confronted by a first-class Chardin, it is the critic who is on trial and not the picture.

This is a large volume, with 238 illustrations, a complete catalogue, a biography, and a mass of documentary evidence by which the author's conclusions can be checked, and it is a worthy successor to other books upon French Art issued under the same auspices. It will presumably remain as the standard work of reference for many years to come, for it is extremely unlikely that many new discoveries in this particular field have yet to be made.

Biographers of past generations have been tempted to write obituary notices rather than critical lives of a man like Chardin, who has somehow attracted hagiographers more than historians. His equanimity, his laborious search for perfection, his liking

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A BOOK ON CHARDIN, THE FRENCH VERMEER.*

Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

for the ordinary home comforts of *un bon bourgeois*, have naturally endeared him to the writers of the Republic: the present author removes the halo, and reveals the man, who, it seems, was not quite so saintly as we had supposed. It is almost a relief to learn that one who could extract so noble a poem in paint from the subject of a young woman scouring a frying-pan, as was to be seen in the Rothschild picture at Burlington House two years ago, could also be guilty of a peasant meanness, as when he would not pay his son the mother's estate, on the ground that the boy's upbringing had cost so much.

That is a horrid story, proved by irrefutable evidence, and a fine warning to the sentimentalists among us who are always so eager to deduce a painter's character from his works. Many a man who has cut a great figure in the world has been a terrible nuisance about the house (for example, Milton), and it is enough for posterity to enjoy what he has contributed to the sum total of beauty without bothering itself too closely with his private affairs.

Chardin, in short, stands revealed here as a somewhat narrow, somewhat cunning sort of man, with a fair business head and a capacity for saving money second to none: he seems to have painted for a living rather than to have lived for painting. He began, with infinite pains, by painting still-lives, and then, after many years, gradually became known for certain delicious interiors, practically still-lives with one or two figures added.

M. Wildenstein will have nothing to do with the enthusiasms of the nineteenth century, which saw in these scenes from the life of the "little people" the first tentative beginnings of the Revolution. The theory was that, amid the portraits of princes, Chardin introduced the portraits of scullery-maids, and was a propagandist on behalf of the new order of things fifty years before the crash. It is an ingenious theory, which falls to the ground for the following reasons:

(1) There is no evidence whatever that Chardin ever took the slightest interest in politics.

(2) Such scenes were perfectly familiar to the French public, not only from Holland and Flanders, but from the brush of the brothers Le Nain a century previous.

(3) Similar scenes were painted by Chardin's own contemporaries—for example, by Greuze, by Fragonard, by Hubert Robert, and dozens of others, and found a ready sale.

(4) Chardin's customers were not, as a rule, the ordinary private citizen, but courts and emperors, princes and their agents, who

bought because the pictures were fine, and certainly not because they contained what would to-day be called subversive propaganda.

All this, of course, brings one back to what one may call proper standards of criticism: one has always been familiar with the point of view which judges a work of art by its capacity for edification, a term interpreted differently by, say, Stalin, Hitler, and the Established Church. One can't prevent people from looking at pictures with their minds already made up, but one can register a modest protest at the attempt to read into them a dozen lessons which the painter never for one moment had in his head.

Chardin was not concerned to tell a story or to advertise a political theory; he was a professional painter, transmuting into terms of colour and light nature as he saw it, and by an inexplicable cunning of eye and hand he accomplished his task in such a way that the connoisseur and the man in the street are both enchanted.

The author provides a penetrating analysis of Chardin's position as a painter of still life, in which he takes his place among the greatest, from Breughel to Velasquez. There is also the story of



THE FRENCH VERMEER: A SELF-PORTRAIT OF CHARDIN IN PASTEL. (40 BY 31 CM.)

(In the Collection of Baron Henri de Rothschild, Paris.)



A STILL-LIFE THAT IS FULL OF DRAMATIC FORCE AND IS REMARKABLE FOR THE ARTIST'S BRILLIANT RENDERING OF THE LIGHT: "LA NAPPE," BY CHARDIN—A DISTANT FORERUNNER OF CÉZANNE. (92 BY 120 CM.)

(In the Collection of M. David Weill, Paris.)

his election to the Academy, which shows at once his business capacity and the way in which his works fitted inevitably into the tradition of Northern European painting. He arranged his pictures in such a way that when the judges came to see them they thought they were not his own work, but merely belonged to him. Largillière remarked that these were Flemish, and very good indeed. His election was at once assured.

A particularly valuable part of the book is devoted to a chronological table from the painter's birth in 1699 to his death in 1779. This is a model of historical method, in which legal documents, contemporary criticisms, inventories, marriage settlements are cited in their appropriate places—but, indeed, the whole book is an admirable example of a logical, judicious, and sympathetic study of character and achievement.

England is not very rich in Chardins. Glasgow has two fine examples, and Dublin one. The National Gallery has four, two of which—both delicious—are reproduced in this volume—"The Schoolmistress," and "The House of Cards."

* "Chardin." By Georges Wildenstein. (Les Beaux-Arts; £4 4s.)

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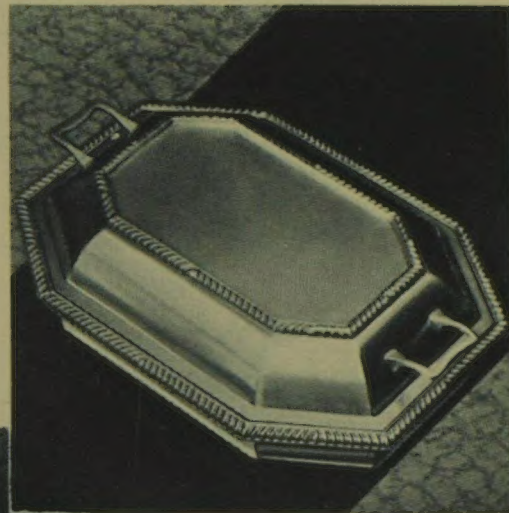
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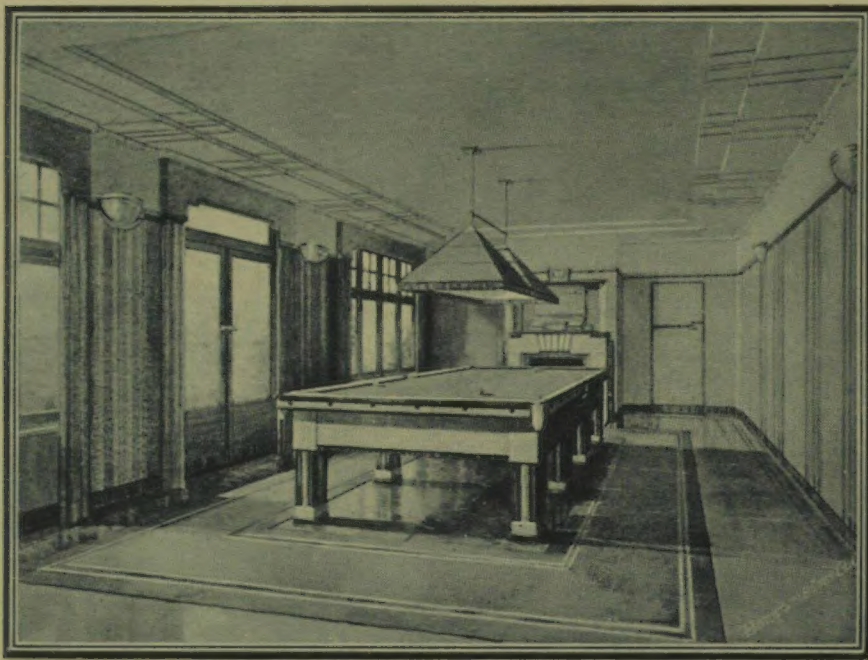
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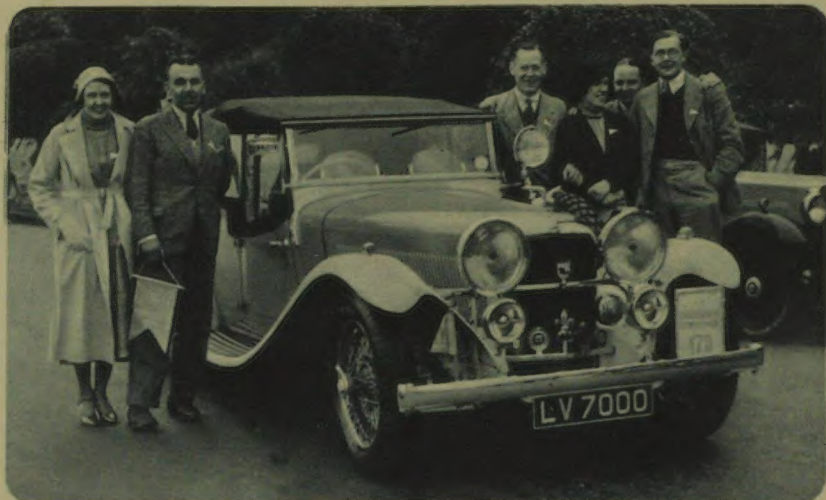
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

COMFORT for the passenger and simplicity of control for the driver are the two outstanding features of this season's motor-carriages. Various methods have been adopted to give both these virtues to the present-day automobile, and a series of miniature motor shows are now being held of cars with those distinctive features.

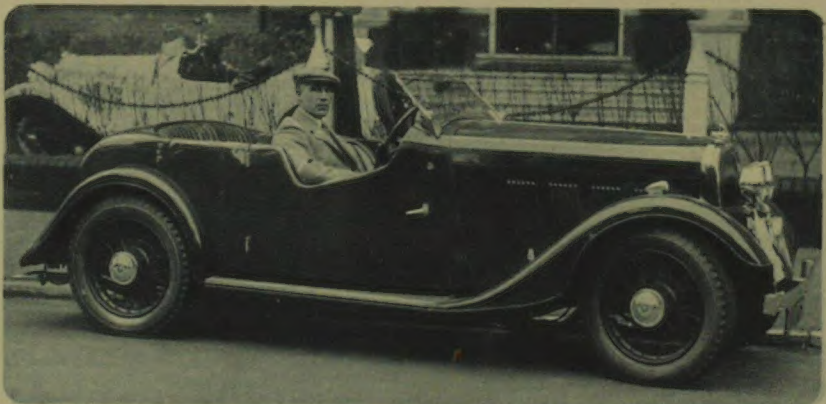
In the United States of America the motor manufacturer has pinned his faith on independent or semi-independent front-wheel suspension as the comfort-giving device of the new cars. Londoners have an excellent opportunity of seeing examples of the semi-independent suspension of the two front wheels in the show, at present proceeding in Great Portland Street, of Hudson and Terraplane "Essex" models given by Shaw and Kilburn, Ltd. It is a most interesting display, as all the chassis have the new "axleflex" semi-independent front springing system. This device claims to combine the advantages of independent springing with the transverse stability of an orthodox front axle. Therefore, the device utilises conventional leaf springs in conjunction with a new form of telescope hydraulic shock-absorber. The front axle itself is divided into three parts, the ends being connected by joints to a central bar.



THE ALVIS (MR. R. H. GREGORY) THAT WON THE PREMIER AWARD IN THE OPEN CARS CLASS IN THE COACHWORK COMPETITION IN CONNECTION WITH THE R.A.C. BOURNEMOUTH MOTOR RALLY.

"More oiling points," I can hear owner-drivers remark on learning these details. But, in actual fact, this is not the case, as each of the joints consists of a hardened pin of alloy steel bearing against needle rollers inserted in a steel cup, so that they require absolutely no attention throughout the life of the car. Another detail is the splayed setting of both rear and front leaf springs in order to counteract any possible tendency of the car to roll. As in all the standard coachwork models of these new Hudson and Terraplane cars, the body is constructed as a unit with the chassis—the steel floor is secured at no fewer than thirty points to the chassis frame side members—this provision gives very smooth running round curves and corners. But it is the hydraulic shock-absorber which gives each wheel its range of independence in meeting road shocks, while the articulated axle insulates the other front wheel from being affected by the movement of its opposite number.

As I have frequently written in these notes, comfort for the passenger depends on several cardinal features in the suspension. No automobile engineer can so design the springs that they are suitable for large



IN THE CAR HE DROVE SO SUCCESSFULLY IN THE R.A.C. BOURNEMOUTH RALLY: MR. S. B. WILKS, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE ROVER COMPANY. In the R.A.C. Bournemouth Rally, Rover cars—following their successes in the 1933 Hastings Rally—won a goodly share of the prizes; notably the first prize in Class I., the first prize in Class II., the first award in Class II. of the Ladies' Prizes, and the Glasgow Prize for the best performance of any car starting from that point. In addition, Rovers won three firsts and four seconds in the Coachwork Competition. Our photograph is reproduced by courtesy of "The Motor."

variations in the load carried on the chassis. Therefore, in the past all springs have been a compromise. Now, however, Rolls-Royce, Ltd., announce that they have perfected and standardised on the 40-50 h.p. "Phantom II." model chassis their controllable semi-automatic damper system to the road springs operated by a small lever on top of the steering-wheel. Here is a practical means of comfort for the passenger whether he or she be the sole occupant or one of seven in the car. "In the past, shock damping has been a matter of endeavouring to reconcile the incompatible requirements of comfort when travelling slowly with the elimination of swaying and pitching at high speed as well as changes in the loading of the car," stated an official of the company when discussing this improvement. The new Rolls-Royce control provides a solution to these problems, as it permits the driver to adjust the springing of the car to suit the particular circumstances of speed, load, and road surface.

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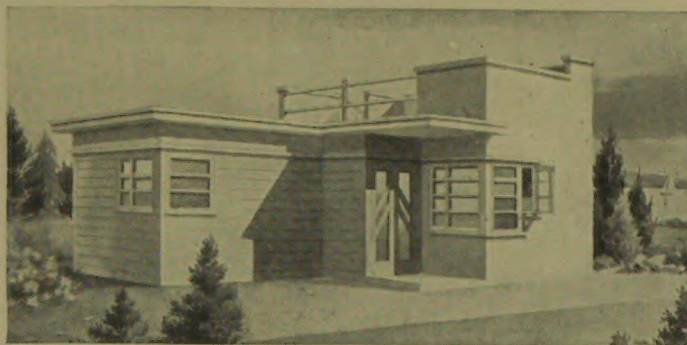
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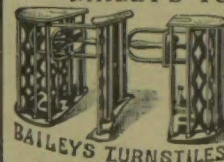
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